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MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

IT was not to be expected that Mr. BRIGHT's speech at Birmingham would throw any definite light on the intentions of the Government. Irish tenants will probably infer from his denunciation of the class of landlords that he has persuaded himself, and perhaps his colleagues, to acquiesce in the demand for fixity of tenure; but it is due to Mr. BRIGHT to say that he has never supported confiscation, and he never changes his opinions. The same doctrines, expressed year after year in clear and vigorous language, are always acceptable to a Birmingham audience. A politician more studious of expediency, and less thoroughly satisfied with the soundness of his own judgment, might perhaps not have thought it necessary to recapitulate the reasons which are supposed to justify popular hostility to Irish landlords. The assassins who shoot them, the community which protects the murderers from detection, and the priests who jestingly applaud or reprove the practice, need no extraneous appeal to their feelings of animosity; nor indeed is Mr. BRIGHT capable of deliberately encouraging or palliating the worst of crimes. In dilating on the penal laws and the other oppressions of former times, he is merely repeating the statements and arguments which he has been always accustomed to employ. If he had been open to recent impressions, he might perhaps have doubted whether the misfortunes of Ireland are wholly due to the baneful monopoly of the land. The latest murder, or rather the murder which was down to a few days since the latest, was perpetrated on a thrifty country tradesman who had committed the offence of raising the price of eggs in his neighbourhood to eightpence a dozen. To the Saxon understanding it would have appeared that an increase in the price of eggs was advantageous to the farmers who sold them, but it is difficult to make any change without affecting the interests of some person or class; and accordingly a champion of cheap eggs shot the dealer in the presence of several witnesses, who according to established custom made no attempt to apprehend the assassin. The sympathy with murder extends even to acts which have no reference to the tenure of land. A discharged railway porter or a rival huckster is allowed to exercise the same sacred right of vengeance which Mr. BRIGHT inadvertently excuses when it is claimed by tenants against their landlords. If his declamation had been suggested by reflection on the actual condition of affairs, some consideration might have been shown to purchasers under the Encumbered Estates Act, who are necessarily exempt from the original sin which attaches to hereditary proprietors. The Parliamentary title which was supposed to be exceptionally secure was assuredly not tainted by any share in the imposition of the penal laws.

Mr. BRIGHT's favourite and ambiguous phrase of "free land," whatever may be its meaning, has probably no connexion with fixity of tenure. The change which he desires to effect is recommended for England as well as for Ireland, and it is at least in part to consist in the abolition or restriction of the power of entail. Whether great estates can be broken up by any means short of compulsory division is a question which can only be decided by experiment. The process must in any case be gradual, as it would depend on the extinction of existing life interests. In Ireland it has to some extent been practically introduced through the operation of the Encumbered Estates Act; and even where property has been sold in small portions the occupying tenants have seldom become purchasers. Small tradesmen in the towns, like the little capitalists of Belgium and Flanders, are the hardest and most exacting of landlords; and there is reason to believe that the new proprietors are more unpopular than their unbusiness-like predecessors. Nevertheless, it may perhaps be expedient

to facilitate the transfer and subdivision of Irish land; nor will prudent owners regret the opportunity of withdrawing their capital from an investment which becomes every day more undesirable. The Irish agitators who demand or promise fixity of tenure in consideration of a perpetual rent-charge strive to attain an object extremely remote from freedom of the land. As Mr. BRIGHT truly says, there is in Ireland a competition for land which is at the same time excessive and exclusive. The small farmer who insists on extorting from his landlord the fee-simple of the soil would regard as the worst of evils the necessity of selling the freehold after it has been confiscated for his benefit. The measures which are recklessly promised by candidates of the order of Mr. GREVILLE NUGENT and Serjeant DOWSE would deprive the landless labourers of all hope of raising their condition except by emigration. Although Mr. BRIGHT has learned little else by the experience of later years, official responsibility has taught him that the task which the Government has undertaken looks more and more arduous on a nearer approach. He is not mistaken in believing that household suffrage has provided an engine of great and novel power; but he is apparently beginning to understand that it is sometimes more difficult to ascertain the duty of legislators than to discharge it. Perhaps it would have been wiser to inquire whether Irish tenure of land was a branch of Mr. GLADSTONE's upastree before a pledge was given to destroy it. In discussing the distribution of English land, Mr. BRIGHT is more at ease than in discussing the pressing question of legislation for Ireland. It is not impossible that he may hereafter find that cheaper conveyance of land would only accelerate the accumulation which has already attained excessive proportions. The incidental advantages of liberating the land from excessive entails or settlements would undoubtedly be great.

On Education and on the Ballot Mr. BRIGHT could say nothing new; and it was not to be expected that he would abandon his opinions at a time when they are about to triumph. The theoretical controversies of former times lose their interest when they are about to be decided in practice not by force of reason so much as by weight of numbers. Whatever may be the merits of the Ballot, it will almost certainly be adopted by the present Parliament; and the class which has become the most powerful in the country is for the most part favourable to secular and compulsory education. Mr. BRIGHT abstained from any mention of the difficulties which beset the settlement of the same dispute in Ireland. The third branch of the upastree was no other than that national system of education which the Roman Catholic priests propose to abolish, that they may substitute for it a strictly sectarian system, to be maintained at the public expense. It seems not improbable that the English and Irish methods which at present prevail may be exchanged in deference to the respective supporters of the Government in the two countries. The Ballot can by no possibility deteriorate the representation of Ireland, and it is barely possible that it may in some constituencies restrain the dictation of the priests. In England, and more especially in Wales, it will diminish still further the scanty numbers of the Conservative party, and in Scotland its first effect will be to secure the return of tenant-farmers in the great agricultural districts. When the change has been effected, the Scotch county members, after securing to themselves the possession of the game, and attaining some other objects to which they attach importance, will become the most rigid opponents of change, and especially of measures which may lead to the subdivision of land. Large farms are inseparably connected with large estates, and the wealthy and intelligent cultivators of the soil

will regard with inveterate dislike any project which they may deem revolutionary.

Mr. BRIGHT's criticism on the few and feeble agitators for the restoration of Protection was conclusive and almost superfluous. As he forcibly remarked, there is a better excuse for retaliating by import duties on America than on France. And yet no reactionary politician has ventured to propose the restoration of the Corn-laws. The mildness with which Mr. BRIGHT censures the perversities of American policy is always characteristic and amusing. When a few provincial speakers first proposed to raise the duty on French silks, Mr. BRIGHT courteously told them that they were knaves attempting to practise on the credulity of fools. If an American tariff includes a tax of seventy-five per cent. on the goods which Mr. BRIGHT's firm manufactures, he gently prophesies that the people of the United States will find out their mistake in time. It may be inferred from his eulogy of the French Treaty that the Government has at present no reason to fear that it will be disapproved by the French Chamber. The withdrawal by the new Ministry of certain temporary facilities which had been allowed to importers of English goods has been mistaken for a denunciation of the treaty. The object was probably to quiet the agitation of the iron-masters and cotton-spinners during the course of the promised inquiry. If Mr. BRIGHT had apprehended the failure of Mr. CORDEN's work, he would scarcely have dilated on the advantages of the moribund convention. In some respects Mr. BRIGHT seems to have become more cautious during a year's tenure of office. When he was reminded by a zealous admirer of his own proposal of a free breakfast-table, he carefully avoided any imprudent declaration which might have been interpreted as a pledge. At some future time he hoped that an Englishman might buy all commodities at their natural price, with the exception of intoxicating liquors and tobacco. When that happy time arrives, it may be hoped that the constituencies which govern the country will consent to impose on themselves some share of the taxation which will remain. It is not conducive to economy that one class should contribute all the revenue, and that others should manage the whole expenditure. As Mr. BRIGHT professes to seek political instruction from the electors of Birmingham, he is perhaps not prepared to admit that small householders are capable of injustice or malversation.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY AND THE IRRECONCILABLES.

THE French Ministry has certainly no reason to thank the chapter of accidents. To be saddled just at starting with a press prosecution which will irritate to the utmost the Parisian populace, and to be identified in the minds of that populace with the crime, or the misfortune, of a disreputable member of the Imperial House, is as unfortunate a combination of events as could well have befallen a Liberal Cabinet. It is at least possible that before they have been in office many days they may have to confront that revolutionary violence which it was hoped their accession to office would have the effect of keeping in check. The significance of such demonstrations as that witnessed at M. NOIR's funeral is not easily overrated. The hatred of the working-classes of the capital for NAPOLEON III. did not need to be intensified, and it has unhappily been subjected to a new provocation which is just as effective as though it were not absolutely irrelevant. Hitherto the assailants of the EMPEROR had to go back to the *coup d'état* to glean their instances of his cruelty. Chance has now supplied them with the act of M. PIERRE BONAPARTE, and to all appearance the Parisian mob see nothing irrational in holding their Sovereign responsible for all the vices of his most distant relations.

The death of M. NOIR is so obviously a misfortune, both for the EMPEROR and his Ministers, that it is not necessary to say anything to enforce this view of the subject. It is more interesting to point out the compensations which are not wholly wanting, at all events as regards the EMPEROR. If the event had happened a month or even a fortnight ago, the whole weight of the situation would have fallen on the Sovereign. Whatever course the Government had taken would have been treated as the expression of his individual will, and misrepresented accordingly by the friends of the dead man. If everything had gone on as it has now, the Convocation of the High Court of Justice would have been counted as a fresh act of arbitrary power, while the prosecution of M. ROCHEFORT might have been taken, even by moderate Liberals, as symptomatic of a return to the old method of dealing with press offences. If, on the other hand, the EMPEROR had directed M. PIERRE

BONAPARTE to be tried by the ordinary tribunal, or if he had forbore to take any notice of M. ROCHEFORT's last outrage, it would probably have been set down to timidity or irresolution. As things are, the EMPEROR already profits by the break-water of a responsible Ministry. The whole attitude of the Cabinet in the Corps Législatif is changed. Even M. ROCHEFORT and M. RASPAIL attack M. OLLIVIER as something more than the mere vehicle through which the EMPEROR makes his pleasure known. In this way NAPOLEON III. has been the first to experience the benefit of the institutions he has so unwillingly adopted. Even the Constitution of 1852 derives a certain stability from its no longer depending on the Sovereign's individual will. M. OLLIVIER's declaration that the law to which the High Court of Justice owes its existence may be altered or abrogated by the Legislature gives a new and Parliamentary character to this exceptional tribunal, so long as the Legislature has not thought fit to take any step in the matter.

Nor is the EMPEROR the only person who has cause to count M. NOIR's death as not wholly disastrous. Until Tuesday the Cabinet, though nominally formed by M. OLLIVIER, was generally regarded as M. DARU's Ministry. The very office which M. OLLIVIER holds seemed to isolate him from ordinary political business. But in no other position could he have come to the front with all the propriety and dignity which characterized his reply to M. ROCHEFORT. For the time the MINISTER of JUSTICE seemed invested with the whole majesty of the law. It was as something more than a politician that he declared that the Government was the embodiment of law, of right, of moderation, of liberty, and that, if compelled, it would prove itself the embodiment of strength also. We are unwilling to believe that the cheers which welcomed this announcement expressed nothing but the satisfaction with which an Imperialist Chamber has always received an assurance that the Government is not cowed by the threats of its enemies. We prefer to think that they expressed also the satisfaction of timid or anxious Constitutionalists at the assurance that the new Ministers do not shrink from the full responsibilities of their position. In France the disgrace of free government has been its inability to control the revolutionary forces at its base. Whether in this respect M. OLLIVIER will be more fortunate than his predecessors must be proved of course by action, not by words. But it is consoling to the friends of the new Cabinet to see that M. OLLIVIER is fully aware that in a state of things such as that now existing in France, to hesitate, or to seem to hesitate, about using all the means at his disposal for the maintenance of public order is simply to tempt destruction. If Parliamentary government cannot give security to France, it will lose the support of the party which has had the largest share in its happy restoration. The Orleanist Deputies who sit on the Ministerial bench have not, at least directly, been the authors of their own fortunes. The majority which has carried them to power is composed of the *débris* of that former majority which broke up under the influence of simple terror. French Conservatism distrusted the power of Personal government to avert revolution, and it has called in Parliamentary government to see if it will do the work better. We do not say that to calm the fears and soothe the sorrows of a *bourgeoisie* trembling for its pockets is the highest function of the new Ministry. Still it is strictly a legitimate function, and at this moment it is one which the Ministers have the strongest possible interest in discharging well. In no other way can they win so large a measure of material support. If the Conservatives fail them, it is hard to say to whom they can turn. Constitutional Liberalism has leaders, but as yet it has nothing more. It is an able and intellectual section of French opinion, but it has no apparent hold on popular sentiment. In the France of to-day liberty needs to be saved from herself as urgently as from her declared enemies. For a Liberal Government to have to rest its hopes on the politicians who have been the accomplices of the Empire as long as it could give them what they wanted, and who have deserted it at the first symptom of disaster, is no doubt a humiliation. But it is a humiliation which the Ministers have not brought on themselves. It springs from that disorganization of ideas which makes contemporary France little better than a political chaos. Making friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness can never be an agreeable process, but there are times when there is no better course open. M. OLLIVIER may feel certain that, in constituting himself the guardian of public peace, he is serving the cause of freedom in the only way in which it is possible to give it efficient aid. If France is to escape from that hopeless cycle of revolutions through which she has been carried for the last eighty years, it must be by the

reconciliation of order and liberty. That the experiment has failed hitherto is owing either to the timidity or the bad faith of those who have tried it. The Restoration fettered liberty, the Monarchy of July tampered with it, the Government of the Empire did its best to kill it. Unless these lessons are wholly wasted, the new Government can hardly fail on this side. But they will have to guard against under-rating the degree of license which has been generated out of the very restraints under which liberty has so long suffered, or supposing that, when once the restraints are withdrawn, the captive will recover in the first instant of his release those balanced faculties and ordered movements which are the customary traditions of a free and self-controlled people. To know when to interfere and when to refrain from interference may well tax all the prudence of the new Ministers; but even over-activity seems a safer extreme under the circumstances than that over-supineness which has been the ruin of some of their predecessors.

From this point of view it is perhaps fortunate that M. GAMBETTA has stated the issue so plainly. At all events no thinking Frenchman can possibly plead that he does not understand the situation. On the one hand stands an Empire which has failed, on the other hand stands a Republic which has never succeeded. Between the two stands a Liberal Cabinet striving to save what is really valuable in each extreme from the anarchy which yawns before both. The Ministers may fail in their attempt; they may find that to harmonize the security which was the boast of the Empire with the freedom which is the promise of the Republic is too hard a task; but, alike in their success or their defeat, they will carry with them the sympathy and good wishes of true Liberals in every country.

MR. BRIGHT ON IRELAND.

THE wise man is he who is never too old to learn, and Mr. BRIGHT has shown by his speeches this week at Birmingham that he has been wise enough to learn a good deal from the training to which he has been recently subjected. On no point on which he touched did he show this more conspicuously than when speaking of Ireland. An immense audience was gathered on Tuesday, and all the telegraphs were set at work, and the newspapers the next morning were eagerly read, because it was supposed that Mr. BRIGHT would give some hint as to what the Irish Land Bill is to be. But Mr. BRIGHT most carefully disappointed public curiosity. He dwelt only on generalities; he would not let it be even guessed what was the solution which the Cabinet thought the best for the many difficult problems which the Irish Land question raises. The admiring constituents of Mr. BRIGHT came away no wiser than they went. They had no news to tell. But then it was not only they who were disappointed. The enemies of Mr. BRIGHT were quite prepared to find that he had revealed the secrets of the Cabinet, and to deride him for his indiscretion. When they discovered that he had said nothing, they exclaimed that he had been muzzled. But not only did Mr. BRIGHT reveal nothing. He confessed how very difficult it seemed to him to deal wisely with the land of Ireland. He did not see all the difficulties melt away before the radiance of enthusiasm, as they used to do before he was in office. He was accustomed to expect that hard things would grow easy if he applied all his vigour and energy to combat them, just as the traveller finds a light and easy ascent up a hill which from a distance looked formidable. Mr. BRIGHT has had the good sense to see and the good sense to acknowledge the extreme difficulty of dealing wisely and finally with so complicated a matter as the adjustment of the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland. A very few months of practical experience have sufficed to convince Mr. BRIGHT that the hill before him is a very stiff one. So strongly does he appear impressed with a sense of the magnitude of the task which the Government have undertaken that he cannot attend, and evidently thinks the Government and Parliament should not attend, to anything else until the Irish Land measure has been practically accepted. It ought not, he thinks, to be regarded as a party measure, but Englishmen of every political section ought to set themselves to pass the best Bill they can. In one sense it is true that the Irish Land Bill will not be a party measure. The landlords in Ireland wish for a Bill of some sort, and perceive that one must be passed if life is again to go on in an endurable way in Ireland. Therefore there will be nothing like that fierce resistance on the part of those primarily affected which characterized the struggle for the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment. In the next place, none of the

political opponents of the Government could wish to upset it, and to hold office on the basis of refusing Ireland a Land Bill altogether. There will be a general disposition to get speedily through Parliament any Bill which seems worth passing, and yet does not do as much injustice as it removes. But this is all. The scheme of the Government is but a portion of its Irish policy; and this policy will be severely attacked and criticised, and the Land Bill, however carefully it may be framed, must provoke many amendments on points of detail. It must also be taken into account—and possibly this is one reason why the hill before him seems so unpleasant to Mr. BRIGHT, that the Government has no chance of having Ireland with it this year as it had the last. No Bill that would not plunge the country into hopeless ruin would satisfy the expectations that have been created. The cry will be immediately raised that the Bill is not worth having, or at best it will be accepted as a petty instalment of what is due to Ireland. The Government will therefore be exposed to the reproach that it is forcing a Bill on Parliament which, while it endangers property everywhere, is not welcome even to the people on whom it is going to shower its unjust benefits. The difficulty is so great that we are at last obliged to fall back on the solution which comforted Mr. BRIGHT, that something must be done, and that the present House of Commons will adopt anything that Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT propose.

But although what Mr. BRIGHT said about Ireland deserved, on the whole, the praises for good sense and moderation which it has generally received, yet there were faults in it which need to be noticed. If there is anything more to be deprecated than another at a time of excitement like the present, it is the use of vague phrases which admit of all kinds of explanations, and are construed in a large or wide sense according to the fancy of an exponent. It is to be regretted that Mr. BRIGHT allowed himself to say that what he aimed at was to give the Irishman "free land." This sounds fine and grand, but what can it possibly mean? The Irishman has now, Mr. BRIGHT said, got a free Church and free schools, and he will soon have, if Mr. BRIGHT can manage it, a free vote and free land. This is an abuse of language, for it naturally conveys the impression that all these are but instances of the same kind of freedom, whereas the meaning of "free" is in each case different. A free Church means a Church free from State control; free schools mean schools where the scholars do not pay; a free vote means a vote free from the pressure of those who can affix temporal punishments or rewards to voting in a particular manner; but what does free land mean? Ordinarily the expression is used of new countries where grants of land are made to deserv-ing or enterprising persons without their having to pay for the grant. This is something that the expression cannot mean in Ireland, and we can discover no intelligible sense that can be assigned to the expression. Possession of land free from eviction except on payment of a reasonable compensation cannot be called "free land," and yet it is difficult to suppose Mr. BRIGHT meant much more than this. But the mischief in the use of the expression lies in the aptness with which it seems to convey exactly what the most foolish and most ignorant of the Irish tenants think that the Government Bill is going to give them, and that is possession of land free from all the claims of the landlord. It is no kindness to such men in a leading Minister to employ language which can foster such a delusion. And if there is in this respect some reason to complain of what Mr. BRIGHT did say, there is considerable reason to complain of what he did not say. Any one who read his speech, and knew nothing else of the present state of Ireland, might imagine him to have been speaking of a happy, quiet country, where life was safe, where the population was generally loyal, and where business and pleasure went on with little interruption. The terrible condition of affairs in Ireland ought not to be passed over in silence when Ireland forms the subject of the discourse of a Cabinet Minister. The present Government has subjected the quiet, peaceable, order-loving population of Ireland to a fearful trial. They have shaken the confidence of the most zealous supporters of England; they have inspired the conviction that anything and everything is to be got out of England by audacity and persistence in asking for it, and they have produced some of the worst symptoms of an agrarian war. It is quite true that they have done all this from the best of motives, and in pursuance of a policy in which we fully concur. It is the price to be paid for undoing the wrongs of the past. But it is not for one of the prominent authors of this state of things to ignore it, to pass over assassinations and murders and riots as if they were

mere funny freaks of a wild people, and to offer no expression of sorrow for all that hundreds and thousands of innocent families are now called on to endure every day in Ireland.

In his reply, however, to the deputation which addressed him on the release of the Fenian prisoners, and on the treatment they are alleged to undergo, Mr. BRIGHT seems to have been very happy. He pointed out that every allegation as to the cruelty of the treatment which these prisoners endure has been disproved on examination, but he admitted that they are not treated as a class apart, but are inmates of ordinary prisons, although subjected to the lightest burdens which the rules of those prisons will admit. We have no such institution in England as a separate prison for political offenders, and it is fervently to be hoped we never shall have, not only because it may be trusted there will never be enough discontent in England to make the institution wanted, which is the reason Mr. BRIGHT gave, but also because it is by no means wise to treat sedition and treason as exceptional and heroic crimes which require a particular kind of punishment so contrived as to save the dignity of the criminal. The Fenians are convicted felons and must be treated as such, although whatever relaxations can be prudently admitted in the prison discipline applied to felons ought certainly to be allowed, and, as a matter of fact, are allowed in their favour. That it would be desirable to be able to release them, if this could be prudently done, is also true, for if they could be properly released, the time would have come when England would be satisfied that they repented of their former crimes, that Ireland regarded them as foolish visionaries, and that neither on this side of the Atlantic nor on the other would they or could they do any harm. Mr. BRIGHT said of the Ministry what might be said of the great majority of Englishmen, that they would be very glad if the Fenian prisoners could be let go to-morrow. But under present circumstances, this is impossible. Experience has proved that every prisoner who was released would take advantage of the clemency shown him to stir up the greatest amount of disaffection in Ireland possible. His release would be ascribed to fear, and the English Government would be still more despised in Ireland than it is now. Many of the prisoners too belong to, or would immediately join, a class of men whom Mr. BRIGHT denounced with unwonted severity—the class of men who take advantage of their reception into the citizenship of the United States to wage a perpetual private war against England. If these men like to go to America and belong to another State, by all means, as Mr. BRIGHT said, let them do so. But let them be satisfied with this, and not aggravate the misery and foment the discontent of the Irishmen who stay at home, and who ought to be left alone to think what is the best thing for them to do and to ask for under their present painful circumstances. As it is known that, if the Fenians were released, they would set to work immediately to do us all the harm they could, public opinion is, as Mr. BRIGHT said, very much against their release, and the Government cannot do what public opinion would strongly object to their doing. We can only hope that before the meeting of Parliament the Ministry will duly estimate the present state of public opinion about Ireland, and will not make the mistake of thinking that the existing reign of anarchy and lawlessness is viewed with indifference in England. What keeps public opinion about Ireland within bounds is the confidence in the present Ministry; but it is that only. That a whole community should be apparently drifting away into misery, terror, and crime, and that the Government should look perfectly impotent to check the evil, can only be endured so long as we are persuaded that the best men to be got are at the head of affairs, and that the evil is of a temporary nature. If the Ministry made any obvious mistakes, or if they seemed to have nothing to propose that promised a change for the better, the indignation and horror with which the crimes daily committed in Ireland fill Englishmen might easily find expression in a cry which even the Government of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT could not resist.

SPAIN.

THE resignation of Marshal PRIM proved, as had been conjectured, to be an unmeaning form. There was no reason for his resigning, and it is difficult to understand why he should pretend to resign. Perhaps he thought that the dissolution of the Cabinet offered a convenient occasion for getting rid of some of his colleagues, and for opening negotia-

tions with new allies. Such a calculation has been justified by the return of Admiral TOPETE to the Government after a few weeks' absence. RIVERO, lately President of the Cortes, may perhaps detach from the Opposition a section of the moderate Republican party; but the Ministry, consisting of Progressists and Unionists, adheres as a whole to the principle of monarchy; and PRIM is reported to have answered a sarcasm on the refusal of the Duke of GENOA by declaring that he had seven more Kings ready to propose. The new choice in which it is said that he has induced his colleagues to concur would indicate at the same time a remarkable tenacity of purpose, and a singular indifference to the criticisms which a paradoxical policy is calculated to provoke. It is asserted that the Government will propose to the Cortes the elevation to the throne of old Marshal ESPARTEO. Having been disappointed in his purpose of crowning a child, PRIM, according to this strange statement, substitutes the equally nominal royalty of a childless old man. Spanish gravity will perhaps overlook a proceeding which in other countries would be regarded as a bad joke. If the Duke of GENOA was thought ineligible on account of his youth, the advance from "fourteen years till now almost fourscore" will, it seems, in the opinion of the Minister, effectually remove the objection. In either case the chief of the Cabinet, being also Commander-in-Chief of the army, would exercise his royal power in the name of a titular king. In some respects ESPARTEO would be preferable inasmuch as he is going down the hill, while a young prince would have been every day approaching the point at which he might have disputed the supremacy with his powerful guardian. The arrangement which is now said to be intended would be more obviously provisional, because a young prince might probably have become the founder of a dynasty. On the death of ESPARTEO a year or five years hence, the Crown must pass into some other family, if indeed the preference of the people and the Cortes for the form of monarchy outlives so severe a trial.

It may be presumed that, before committing himself to the nomination of the aged Marshal, the Minister will assure himself that the new King will not employ his remaining strength in competing for power with his patron. Spanish statesmen are familiarly acquainted with the history of decrepid Cardinals who suddenly recovered their vigour when their supposed incapacity had raised them to the Papal throne. It would be a grievous disappointment if ESPARTEO were, after his election by the Cortes, to rise, like Cardinal CARAFFA in similar circumstances, from his stooping attitude. It is more probable that he will resemble the sham monarch who was set up by the GUISES as a rival to HENRY IV.; but the French, even in the days of the League, could never be persuaded to regard Cardinal BOURBON as a King, or even as a serious Pretender. It remains to be seen whether Don BALDOMERO can inspire greater confidence or respect. In his best days ESPARTEO enjoyed the reputation of a brave and honest man, and he was fortunate in holding the chief command when the civil war was terminated by the treason of the last Carlist general who sold himself and his army for a sum of money on the field of battle. In the first reaction against the corrupt Government of CHRISTINA, ESPARTEO took a leading part, and with the title of Regent he for a short time exercised the royal authority in the name of the QUEEN. Subsequently overthrown by a more unscrupulous opponent, who declared that the QUEEN had, at fourteen or fifteen, arrived at full age, ESPARTEO retired into the obscurity from which he has never since emerged. Alone among his contemporaries in his freedom from the charge of guilty ambition, he has retained a large measure of popular respect and esteem. It is to the credit of the Spaniards that they are willing to honour virtue as a rarity, even when it is not associated with conspicuous ability or with force of character. While they submitted to the rule of O'DONNELL and NARVAEZ, they always acknowledged in ESPARTEO a kind of typical and unpractical hero. It will be by a singular though not an enviable fortune if his inefficient patriotism is at last to be rewarded by the empty honour of ostensible royalty. It is not yet known whether ESPARTEO has assented to a project which will be generally regarded as puerile and absurd. The Spanish Provisional Government is accustomed to refusals, and it has never taken the precaution to keep secret the overtures which have been ultimately rejected. Dom FERNANDO, Dom LUIS of Portugal, Prince AMADEUS, and the Duke of GENOA have one after the other refused the Crown of a nation which still cherishes the memory of former greatness. It will be an additional awkwardness if a Spanish subject is enabled to boast that he

has rejected the offer of the succession to CHARLES V. and PHILIP II.

All the numerous opponents of the Government naturally exult in the repulse which has been incurred, and they will derive additional encouragement from the continuance of a purely provisional system. The Duke of GENOA and his descendants might possibly have founded a Spanish dynasty which would have excluded, on the one hand, competition for the throne, and, on the other, the establishment of a Republic. The final decision of the King of ITALY has revived the hopes of all parties, nor would the election of ESPARTERO, if it were accomplished, be regarded as a discouragement. The Carlists have once more preferred the claims of the heir of the male line of the BOURBONS, and the partisans of ISABELLA II. suggest the recall of her son. The friends of the Duke of MONTPENSIER with still stronger reason argue that a prince in the full vigour of life, possessing long experience of Spanish affairs, offers the best alternative to an inexperienced foreign boy. The reconciliation of TOPETE with PRIM suggests the probability that the Prime Minister may begin to waver in his opposition to the claims of MONTPENSIER. The REGENT is well known to incline to the same candidate, and if ESPARTERO refuses, or at his death, it would become necessary to select a more serious candidate. Marshal PRIM may perhaps think that, if he can retain supreme power during the short reign of BALDOMERO, he will be strong enough to dictate his own terms to the Duke of MONTPENSIER on his subsequent accession. The so-called CHARLES VII., otherwise known as Duke of MADRID, is not included in the list of possible candidates. The triumph of the Republicans is perfectly legitimate or logical, although they may perhaps find that it has been premature. They contend with much show of reason that, where there is a difficulty in finding a King, monarchy cannot be indispensable. It is in truth surprising that so many failures should have taken place in disposing of an illustrious position and of great opportunities. It is possible that the fate of MAXIMILIAN in Mexico may have deterred timid candidates, and more especially that it may have weighed on the mind of the mother of the Duke of GENOA; but the unemployed existence of a mere princely annuitant is unsatisfactory, and, in comparison with the chances which await a King, it is almost contemptible. It may be hoped that the majority of Royal cadets would, notwithstanding the murder of MAXIMILIAN, share the noble spirit which induced him to prefer a distant and dangerous sovereignty to inglorious luxury at home. The risks which might follow from the acceptance of the Spanish throne would not alarm any man of ordinary courage. The Spaniards, with all their faults, are immeasurably superior to the mongrel Mexicans who ape and exaggerate their defects. It is still doubtful whether the Spanish Minister has seriously wished to secure the acceptance of the throne by any of the supposed candidates, with the exception of the Duke of GENOA. The Regency is, as long as it lasts, a kind of Republic; and yet it is probable that sooner or later there will be once more a King of Spain. The majority of the Cortes, which must be supposed to represent the national opinion, steadily supports the Government in its continued adherence to monarchy. The Republicans may prove as conclusively as they desire that the adoption of their system follows, by a necessary process of reasoning, from the conduct of the Government. But political conclusions are seldom or never deduced from theoretical principles. If the nation wished for a Republic, it would take advantage of favourable circumstances to attain the object of its desire. It is perhaps not to be regretted that the changes caused by the Revolution of 1868 are neither extreme nor sudden. Although much has been done to revive a Parliamentary system of government, supreme power still remains with the general in command of the army; and, by a suspicious coincidence, three journals which are supposed to be influenced by the Prime Minister lately proposed on the same day that his Government should be transformed into a dictatorship by a temporary suspension of the sittings of the Cortes. When a change of Ministry was announced, there was no serious expectation that the Minister would really abdicate; and, if he had resigned the Presidency of the Cabinet, his power would have been scarcely diminished as long as he retained his military position. ESPARTERO, if he becomes King, will probably be aware that he is himself too old to command the army, and that, if he got rid of Marshal PRIM, he would be compelled to choose for himself another master. The rumoured arrangement seems to foreigners almost ridiculous, but Spaniards are the best judges of their own affairs.

THE AFFAIRE BONAPARTE.

WE shall not, as some of our contemporaries both in London and Paris are doing in the *affaire BONAPARTE*, violate the wholesome rule which very properly is enforced in this country, not to prejudge a case, civil or criminal, which is before the legitimate Courts of Justice. It will be quite enough to state the facts as far as they are available, and to give the narrative subject to all the drawbacks and qualifications which on either side must be allowed for when the parties make an *ex parte* statement corroborated, from the nature of the case, by no external evidence. Prince PIERRE BONAPARTE is the son—one of the three sons—of LUCIEN BONAPARTE, and therefore own nephew of the First NAPOLEON. The other brothers are an elder one, LOUIS LUCIEN, and a younger, ANTOINE; and he is uncle of Cardinal BONAPARTE and Prince CHARLES NAPOLEON. PIERRE BONAPARTE has led what may, without much offence, be called a very Bohemian life, formerly in politics, and recently in journalism. Undoubtedly he has exhibited very fire-eating and homicidal propensities, although, when in the Imperial service in Africa, he did not distinguish himself for personal valour in the field. He killed with his own hand a Papal police agent, and he has had the honour of being expelled from the POPE's dominions, and from the Septinsular Republic. He has fought a duel with a journalist, he has been fined for an assault on a representative, and up to the time of the *coup d'état* was connected entirely with the Reds, and the extreme democratic party. He seems to have been, in a word, the bad boy of the BONAPARTE family, to have embodied and intensified all the wild temper of a wild race; and of late, though in comparative retirement, he has diversified his passion for the chase in Corsica with carrying on a literary vendetta in the distinguished journalistic circles of that barbarous country. If not quite mad, he has done many mad things. Prince PIERRE BONAPARTE has made use of a Corsican paper, *L'Avenir de Corse*, to meet the attacks made on the memory of NAPOLEON I. by M. TOMASSI, proprietor and editor of the *Revanche*. Undoubtedly Prince PIERRE is master of a very vigorous style, which might not unreasonably be described as coarse blackguardism. We are scarcely judges of the amenities of French, still less of the politeness of Corsican, newspaper writing, and can scarcely understand the jargon and *patois* in which Corsican journals are written; but the specimen of M. PIERRE BONAPARTE's command of foul language is interesting. He suggests that the best way of dealing with the writers in the *Revanche* would be to manure the fields of Corsica with their bowels—a picturesque expression which seems to have been borrowed from the famous Jacobin aspiration, that the last of kings might be hanged in the same portion of the animal economy of the last of priests. That a duel was arranged, or was about to be arranged, between M. TOMASSI and M. PIERRE BONAPARTE, is not much to be wondered at; and, had the matter not passed out of the home of the vendetta, we do not know that the world would have had much cause to regret if the end of the Kilkenny cats had attended this pair of literary assassins.

But it seems that Democratic journalism in France is a sworn brotherhood. Fraternal ties are strong, as in Thuggism, so in Bohemian newspaper writers. M. PASCHAL GROUSSET represents, we don't know how, the Corsican *Revanche* in Paris. M. GROUSSET is editor of M. ROCHEFORT's treasonable journal the *Marseillaise*; and one would have thought that in his own loathsome columns he had quite sufficient opportunities to slake his noble thirst for invective, personality, indecency, and sedition. But M. GROUSSET in Paris made common cause with the *Revanche* in Corsica, and adopted M. TOMASSI's quarrel, and consequently, in the noble spirit of brotherhood, sent his friends, M. DE FONVIELLE and M. VICTOR NOIR—whose real name is SOLOMON, and whose more respectable avocation before he took to penny-*aligning* and was promoted to the dignity of bully in ordinary to the *Marseillaise*, was that of a linendraper's shopman—to demand explanations from the Prince for his abusive letter, which touched M. GROUSSET, not privately, but *comme collaborateur de la Revanche*. It is stated that the staff of the *Marseillaise* agreed to send three separate challenges—one in the name of the great ROCHEFORT himself, and introduced by MM. ARNOULD and MILLIÈRE; one from M. LAVIGNE, to be presented by MM. FLOURENS and BAZIRE; and the third, which we have already mentioned, from M. GROUSSET, and tendered by MM. FONVIELLE and NOIR. The last deputation got the start, and waited on M. BONAPARTE on Monday last.

In the meantime the Corsican temper had not been asleep, and on the previous day M. PIERRE BONAPARTE had forwarded a challenge to M. ROCHEFORT, couched in the sort of language we should expect, and demanding satisfaction, not in connexion with the *Revanche* and Corsican matters, but for certain libels on the BONAPARTE family—women and children—which had appeared in the *Marseillaise*, and which M. BONAPARTE attributed to M. ROCHEFORT's cads (*manœuvres*), but for which he held M. ROCHEFORT personally responsible. The situation then on the morning of the 10th was this:—M. BONAPARTE remained at home waiting for the reply of M. ROCHEFORT to his challenge, which was actually on its way to Auteuil, in the persons of MM. ARNOULD and MILLIÈRE; but this embassy was anticipated by the appearance of MM. NOIR and FONVIELLE as bearers of M. GROSSET's cartel. This unexpected embassy seems to have taken M. BONAPARTE by surprise; expecting an acceptance of his challenge from M. ROCHEFORT, he was confronted by a counter challenge from M. GROSSET. M. BONAPARTE, according to M. FONVIELLE, the survivor of the tragedy, seems to have met the difficulty not improperly. I—says FONVIELLE—handed M. BONAPARTE M. GROSSET's letter. He read it, and crumpled it up, and said:—"J'ai provoqué M. ROCHEFORT, parcequ'il est le 'porte-drapeau de la crapule. Quant à M. GROSSET, je n'ai rien à lui répondre. Est-ce que vous êtes solidaires de ces 'charognes?'" After a little more altercation, according to FONVIELLE, M. BONAPARTE slapped M. NOIR's face, and at the same moment drew a ten-chambered revolver and shot him dead. After having disposed of NOIR, he took two ineffectual shots at M. FONVIELLE, who had previously drawn a revolver which he carried on his own account, but, though crouching behind a chair, could not manage to cock it. M. FONVIELLE escaped; M. NOIR died almost immediately; and M. BONAPARTE gave himself up to the police.

M. BONAPARTE's own account of the matter is of course different. He states that after the altercation M. NOIR slapped his, M. BONAPARTE's, face, and that at the same time FONVIELLE drew a revolver; then, and not till then, he, M. BONAPARTE, drew his revolver, which he had ready in his trousers-pocket and shot NOIR—and afterwards shot at FONVIELLE, who was trying to shoot him. Who slapped whose face, or who first drew pistol against whom, is the question which the High Court of Justice will have to decide, and this upon the evidence of the persons implicated, and whose business it is to give directly contradictory accounts of the incident.

What facts we have about the antecedents of either party are about equally bad. The journalist gang send seconds, one of whom is armed with a revolver, to arrange a duel; M. PIERRE BONAPARTE awaits seconds whom he has invited to arrange a duel according to duelling laws, but takes care to have a revolver ready in his pocket. This is about six of one and half a dozen of the other. FONVIELLE and NOIR go armed on a pacific errand—the one with a pistol, the other with a sword-stick—because they expect to meet "an Ogre"; BONAPARTE receives what he believes to be a couple of M. ROCHEFORT's seconds armed, because, as it would seem, he thought nothing was safe in such company. The point in M. BONAPARTE's favour is that, even according to FONVIELLE's account, he declined any communication with GROSSET's friends, on the very intelligible ground that his first business was with M. ROCHEFORT and the *Marseillaise*. The point against M. BONAPARTE is that to be ready with a revolver is not the usual way of receiving hostile seconds, and that this looks like a premeditated plan to shoot them, or one of them, or somebody. But as both parties to an interview which by all the laws of duel ought to be pacific attended it fully armed, it seems that neither party can make much of this. And when two or three men well armed are resolved to quarrel, it will always be difficult to say who is the aggressor.

It must however be noticed that in one sense NOIR and FONVIELLE were the aggressors, either on their own part or on that of their principal, GROSSET. Whatever offence M. BONAPARTE had committed in the Corsican newspaper, and against M. TOMASSI, was no affair of GROSSET and the people of the *Marseillaise*, and M. BONAPARTE was quite justified in not accepting GROSSET's interference in the quarrels of the *Revanche*, which were no concern of his. Possibly M. BONAPARTE thought that the whole band of associated libellers was such a nuisance that he would not much dislike the chance of decimating it. On the other hand, nothing is more likely than that the Sacred Brotherhood of ROCHEFORT were resolved to pick a whole series of quarrels with M. PIERRE BONAPARTE, partly on his own account and partly to involve the Imperial Family in the discredit of a political

duel or a political assault. When it is said, as it is said by M. ROCHEFORT's party, that M. PIERRE BONAPARTE armed himself with the expectation of receiving M. ROCHEFORT, whose murder he had planned, and whom he was trying to decoy into his house, this wild suggestion is met by the well-known law of the duel, that principals never meet nor are expected to meet; and that whomsoever M. BONAPARTE had premeditated to shoot—if he had on Monday morning prepared himself to kill somebody—it could not have been M. ROCHEFORT. And, on the other hand, the Vehm-Gericht of journalists have to account for the fact that they fastened three duels at once on their enemy, and sent their first embassy on what ought to have been a perfectly courteous and chivalrous message armed to the teeth.

To improve the occasion with any remarks on French journalism would be impertinent. The *Marseillaise* and ROCHEFORT party are trying to make capital out of it. The incendiary and treasonable article published by M. ROCHEFORT in the *Marseillaise* after the Auteuil affair has been very properly taken up by M. OLLIVIER, and he is to be prosecuted by the Government. But the *Marseillaise* is exceeded in violence by the *Réforme*. In that journal of Wednesday a writer, signing himself A. VERMOREL, says:—"We affirm that, so long as Prince MURAT is not sent to prison for his assault on M. COMTÉ, all honest men have the right and duty to shoot him as they would a dog; and concludes with this very explicit declaration:—"In the meantime 'we have to avenge, not only M. VICTOR NOIR, but all the 'victims of the Boulevard Montmartre in the *coup d'état*, and all those unknown poor wretches who have been assassinated during the last eighteen years.' And finally—"Il faut que tous les gens de cœur déclarent la *vendetta* à tous 'les membres de la famille BONAPARTE, et à tous ceux qui oseront prendre sa défense et se déclarer solidaires de ses 'actes.' It is by no means too soon for a Constitutional Government—and the lesson applies elsewhere than in France—fairly to face the dangers to society which exist in treasonable journalism as it is.

THE COLONIAL CRISIS.

IF there is something to regret, there is much that is satisfactory, in the discussions that have recently taken place on colonial affairs. The official mind has shown itself, as usual, incapable of grasping a large idea, and the self-constituted advocates of the colonies have not been altogether judicious in the conduct of their campaign; but, on the other hand, there has manifested itself a deep and pervading resolution not to let the colonies be driven from us by the apathy of statesmen and the perverse unpatriotism of Americanized politicians. It is always a misfortune when great matters fall to be dealt with by small men, and as yet this has been the fate of the colonial problem, on the adequate solution of which the future fortunes of the English race so largely depend. The whole tendency of the creed in fashion with Liberal politicians is to produce clever small men; and we say this not the less though the party is led by a statesman whom not even his enemies would call small, and who, when he gives his mind to the colonial question, may be trusted to deal with it generously and nobly. But Mr. GLADSTONE is where he is and what he is by the strength of the rank and file of the party, and more in spite of than by the favour of the class of prominent Liberal politicians, of whom a large section of his Cabinet is formed. The clever men of this school pride themselves on their scientific statesmanship, and their highest effort is to take a theory confessedly based on assumptions which are only approximately true, to shut their eyes to the existence of every force but that of self-interest, to work out the consequences of their assumption with diligent and unfailing logic, and then to make themselves mere passive instruments of a necessity of their own creating. Wanting in sympathy and devoid of imagination, they can see in the world nothing but a theatre on which to demonstrate the experiments of a crude and tentative, though serviceable, science. This is the temper in which the relations of England and her colonies have been approached by many of our leading politicians, and by none more conspicuously than by Earl GRANVILLE, of whom better things might have been hoped. The most fatal aspect of the case is the fanatical sincerity with which the Colonial Minister evidently believes that his narrow view of a great crisis comprises the whole range of possible truth. His predecessors in office have unequivocally protested against the tone even more than against the substance of his despatches. Impatient colonists have chafed at his polished indifference, and the

sober opinion of all reflecting men, with the exception of those who are political economists and nothing more, has condemned the levity with which he has trifled with a question which in a very few years must become the gravest which English Ministers could be called upon to consider.

The very terms in which Lord GRANVILLE repudiates the charge of seeking the dismemberment of the Empire show how incapable he has made himself even of seeing what it is that renders his policy and his language so mischievous. He tells the colonies that he really does not wish to sever their relations with what they will persist in calling the Home country, but blandly assures them in the same breath that, if they should happen to be discontented at any time with English policy, it will always be open to them to terminate the connexion without fear of any compulsory interference on our part. This kind of taunt would under any circumstances be impolitic and indefensible in a Colonial Minister, but it is doubly mischievous now, when it is recognised as the symbol of a party—the party that avowedly aims at severing the bonds that unite this country and her colonies. In spite of all disclaimers, it points to nothing but separation. Why is it that we hear this same phrase repeated day after day? No desire for independence has been manifested for many years by more than the most insignificant section of any of our colonies. No one anticipates a request to be relieved from their allegiance from any real colonists, whatever mock petitions may be got up by American interlopers. Foolish Irishmen have yelled for independence, and rightly enough the cry is not listened to. The colonies have never asked for it, and yet they are daily insulted by the assurance that whenever they think fit to do so we shall be most happy to let them go. It may be that, if ever the emergency arose, it would be right and wise to abstain from coercion, as many people in the United States thought it would be right and wise to acquiesce in the secession of the South. But how does this excuse a statesman for persistently throwing in the teeth of the colonies his declaration of indifference to their alliance? It is generally perhaps wiser to let a runaway wife go than to reclaim her by force, but a husband who daily assured his spouse that if she desired to leave him he would put no obstacle in her way would be credited by men of the world with a very decided anxiety to get rid of her. The official tone has not even the consistency which belongs to the extreme school of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's disciples, who avowedly desire to bring about the dismemberment of the Empire, and use precisely the same language which Lord GRANVILLE employs to prove the absence of such a wish from his mind. Unfortunately the mischief done by the authoritative adoption of the language of the separatists is not easily to be undone, and there is little prospect of modifying the future policy of a statesman who is, or professes himself to be, incapable of comprehending the tendency of his own words.

And yet even those whose only wisdom is the worship of political expediency might be expected to see the plain interests of England, however unable they may be to sympathize with the aspirations of the colonies. It should not be altogether beyond the power of statesmen to look forward twenty or thirty or fifty years. Mr. GLADSTONE has thought it important to take stock of our probable supply of coals a couple of centuries hence. Is it of less moment to count the numbers and reckon the wealth which our colonies are certain to attain to within a few decades? No one doubts what the result must be. In a period very, very short in the life of a nation—one or two generations at the most—England, instead of being a great dominant State surrounded by comparatively insignificant provinces, will, if she does not throw away her opportunity, be the centre of a system of confederated nations each more populous and richer than herself. The colonists are anxious that the means should be found for consolidating this marvellous federation, and it is English statesmen who affect a studious indifference to a union which will so soon become incomparably more essential to the Mother-country than to the colonies whose sympathies are so scornfully rejected. And what is the excuse for this apparently suicidal policy? Nothing but this. We have sown hatred in the heart of one great nation by striving to retain her in subjection when she was panting for liberty. Therefore let us now attain the same happy end by driving away other nations who desire nothing so much as closer union with ourselves. Those whom we repel with sarcasm and indifference will scarcely hate us less than those whom we sought to retain by the sword.

While the attitude of the Colonial Office has been by far the most deplorable element of the situation, the undisciplined zeal of the London ex-colonists has done no small mischief

to the cause they have espoused. It was premature to seek to bring colonial representatives to a conference in England until opinion in the colonies had taken a much more definite form than it has assumed even in the minds of the leaders of the Cannon Street Association. As yet we have little more than a strong but vague sentiment in favour of permanent union in all our colonies. Little thought and no discussion has gone to the many difficult questions of political machinery which must be solved before the ideal of a solid British Federation can be realized. In England there has been found an answering sympathy—not less real because to a great extent dormant—ready to respond to the first call, and strong enough to dispose of all the impossibilities imagined by narrow politicians. But it would have been wiser to mature and give shape to the opinion of the various colonies before summoning a representative council. Nothing could more endanger the success of the cause than to gather together a knot of nominal representatives who did not really represent the genuine convictions of their constituents. And before any man can do so there is need of much discussion in the colonies to ripen an indefinite longing for union into something like a distinct conception of the principles on which it should be based. This is what Lord GRANVILLE scornfully assumes to be impossible, and instructs his Governors to discourage, and the answer will be better supplied in the first instance by the efforts of local associations in the colonies than by any premature conference, or even by any prolonged agitation in England. It will be better in every way that the initiative should come from the colonies themselves than that they should be invited to concur in proposals emanating from London, even though framed by men who have themselves been colonists. Enough has perhaps already been said and done to show that the icy coldness of Lord GRANVILLE and the scornful taunts of the *Times* do not represent English opinion, and that any serious movement in the colonies towards the establishment of closer relations throughout the Empire will not fail to meet with a cordial response. But it is for them to speak, and to speak definitely and to the purpose; and the London ex-colonists will best further the great ends they propose to themselves by fostering and organizing local associations for the development and expression of colonial opinion.

LORD MALMESBURY AT CHRISTCHURCH.

THERE is always a peculiar charm and interest about everything that Lord MALMESBURY says. He treats political subjects with so much artlessness and frankness, and imports something that is especially his own into every view he forms and every expression he utters. He is the Simple SIMON of political life, and yet there is much latent good sense in his simplicity, and he has the great merit of not being exactly like every one else. This week he has been unburdening his mind on the topics which gently agitate it, to a gathering of farmers at Christchurch. He was of course quite at home there, and this only made him feel more entirely at ease, and gave him an opportunity of speaking exactly as he thought. The health of the Lords and Commons was proposed, and as no member of the House of Commons was present, Lord MALMESBURY had to speak for both Houses. First, he touched on the subjects of National Education and the Malt-tax as regarded from the point of view natural to a peer. Then he allowed himself a sort of interlude or breathing time, and addressed his hearers on the impolicy of turning dairy cows in cold weather into wet meadows. Finally, he commented on the true sphere of the House of Commons, which, in a spirit that will confirm Mr. BRIGHT in the belief that the intelligence of the Lords is increasing, he spoke of as the sole source of legislation in this country. As to education, he was enabled to inform his hearers that the House of Lords had most attentively examined the subject, and that the opinion of those who take an active line in the House is that the education of the people should not be entirely carried on without religion. The doom of the country is fixed, Lord MALMESBURY himself believes, if "the middle and 'lower classes—nay, the upper classes also—should be deprived of dependence upon ALMIGHTY GOD and his behests." Volumes could not have thrown a stronger light on the real opinions of a nobleman who was impervious to the satire that attended on the obvious effort with which his mind grasped the great idea that even the upper classes are dependent on an Omnipotent Being. The Malt-tax was a theme with which farmers might think themselves more familiar, and Lord MALMESBURY proceeded very sensibly to damp the enthusiasm of those who might be inclined too hastily to urge its repeal. He invited them to recall to their

minds the proverb that it is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new. A gathering of farmers must have been astonished to hear the Malt-tax reckoned as one of their old loves. But what Lord MALMESBURY meant was clear enough, and that was that if the Malt-tax was taken off some other tax must be imposed to supply the deficiency. The difficulty of all difficulties at the bottom of the management of the taxation of this country is, as Lord MALMESBURY kindly explained, the necessity of finding twenty-seven millions a year to pay the interest of the National Debt. The payment of this interest is absolutely necessary because, among other reasons, it furnishes the bread of those "who have finances in 'the funds.'" If this bread is to continue to be furnished, the amount of the Malt-tax must, as Lord MALMESBURY assured his hearers, be taken either out of their right pockets or their left. As to the House of Commons, its most important duty is to make laws which shall protect men who enter into covenants with one another, but to leave landlord and tenant to make their own arrangements. That in England this will work perfectly well Lord MALMESBURY is certain. The English mind is a just mind, and the English brain an acute brain, and so landlord and tenant can make a fair bargain. If the landlord wishes to make an unfair bargain, then Lord MALMESBURY declared, with a boldness that many Red Republicans would envy, that he ought not to be allowed to hold any property at all. But in Ireland things are quite different. The Irish mind is not a fast mind, nor is the Irish brain an acute brain, and so landlords and tenants cannot agree, and a "morbid wish for interference 'between man and man' pervades that unhappy country. For this lower class of animals, Lord MALMESBURY appeared willing to let the House of Commons legislate in an exceptional way; but he evidently thought that an Irish Land Bill could not be regarded as full of dangerous consequences on account of its possible extension to England, because the immense intellectual superiority of the English people creates a totally different state of things.

There are numbers of country noblemen and country gentlemen who would talk and think very much in the same way, although few could rival the odd turns and quaint phrases of Lord MALMESBURY. But what gives its own special interest to the speaking of Lord MALMESBURY is the recollection that he has twice held the seals of the Foreign Office, and that, as he believes, it only rested with himself to decide whether he should or should not lead the House of Lords. This excellent garrulous old noodle, prattling about the necessity of religion even for the upper classes, and about the folly of turning out dairy cows in the cold, and about the old loves of the farmers, and people who have finances in the funds, and the acute brains of English agriculturists, has actually had the diplomacy of one of the first Powers in the world for several months under his control. Lord DERBY, from a wish to justify his own appointments, and with the eagerness which every honourable Premier feels to stick up for his subordinates, constantly asserted that Lord MALMESBURY really did very well at the Foreign Office, and he got Lord RUSSELL to give a sort of certificate to the Secretary whom he had succeeded, and to announce with an air of friendly patronage that he saw no reason to complain of what had been done while Lord MALMESBURY held the Seals. Very likely after a fashion this was true. It was the profound remark of GEORGE II., the only profound remark which, as far as we are aware, that monarch ever made, that every one is fit for any post he can get. The traditions of an office are so powerful, the knowledge and experience of the permanent officials is so large, and the general policy of the country is so fixed, that a man must indeed be a goose who cannot be Foreign Secretary for some time without being found out. There is no reason to suppose that Lord MALMESBURY did not do fairly well. But it is to be remarked that the necessity of putting such men as Lord MALMESBURY in such a post as that of Foreign Secretary constitutes one of the very greatest difficulties of the Conservative party. The mass of Conservatives are men more or less like Lord MALMESBURY, and the two or three clever men who belong to the party cannot fill all the offices. The consequence is that second-rate men are inevitably put into first-rate situations. In each particular office the state of things may at any given moment be such that a very inferior man can carry on for a time perfectly well. So long as Mr. DISRAELI aimed at nothing in finance except a servile imitation of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Budgets, it could not make much difference who was his Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the country naturally feels that this is an arrangement which cannot last. Nothing contributed more to the strength of the

last Conservative Ministry than that Lord MALMESBURY was replaced by Lord STANLEY. If Mr. DISRAELI'S Ministry had lasted, a feeling would have grown up that a Chancellor of the Exchequer was wanted who could do something more than invent a dog-licence. But, so far as we can see at present, the poverty in intellectual strength which makes the Conservatives unable to fill more than a few high offices with competent men threatens to continue; and evidently the recognition of the difficulty how to do either with or without the type of eminent Conservative whom Lord MALMESBURY represents is one among the main causes of the disposition evinced by some of the leading Conservatives to hold aloof from office until they can effect a junction with the more timid and moderate section of the Liberal party.

Even while the Conservatives are out of office, Lord MALMESBURY, and men like him, create much embarrassment to the leaders of the party. They are, it must be remembered, the strength of the party, that which gives it consistency in itself and importance in the country. They also feel and know their importance, and they think they deserve it. A nobleman who attends a farmers' dinner and goes chirping on after dinner in an easy unaffected way about cows and religion and taxation, is entitled to consider that he is knit to his fellow-men by other ties than those merely which are derived from his possession of station and wealth. Moreover, it is quite true, as Lord MALMESBURY intimated, that the bulk of the great English landowners are very just men. They wish to deal fairly with all those about them or in any way dependent on them. They are ready to take much trouble, and to give up a few amusements, and to put themselves to no inconsiderable inconvenience, in order to discharge their duties to the inhabitants of the districts in which they live. Landed proprietors represent much more in Parliament than a certain acreage, and the inheritance of a respect continued from generation to generation. They represent a considerable amount of duty discharged, public spirit manifested, and justice done. Lord MALMESBURY may have talked as he is wont to talk when he spoke of the extraordinary acuteness of brain which enables a landlord to discuss the terms of a proposed lease with a tenant, but it is quite true that the easy relations prevailing between landlord and tenant in England are in a great measure due to the prevalence of fair dealing on both sides during many years. Those therefore who represent, as the Conservative peers do, the class of great English proprietors, are not men to be easily set aside or controlled by the leaders of the party to which they belong. The notions, however, which prevail among them are not the notions on which it is possible in these days to conduct affairs. They must be induced to follow the lead of men who can gauge more accurately the wishes and demands of the nation. The history of the last thirty or forty years shows that they can easily be led if there is only the right man to lead them, but it may be very difficult to lead them. What they want above all things is, if possible, to be led by one of themselves. For many years they were led by the Duke of WELLINGTON, and if he told them to yield, they never hesitated. Then came Lord DERBY, and they so believed in and trusted him that they even took their famous leap into the dark with him at his bidding. So long as there is such a man to represent them, to feel for and with them, and to decide when it is consistent with their honour and self-respect to yield, they are satisfied, and are quite content that their chief should have allied with him a coadjutor on an equal footing, holding views out of real harmony with their own. They saw no harm in Sir ROBERT PEEL being associated with the Duke of WELLINGTON, and in Mr. DISRAELI being associated with Lord DERBY. But when there is no man after their own heart to guide and represent them, they may easily become very difficult to lead. Lord MALMESBURY afforded a special instance of a general truth when he said that he could not conceive himself going on in political life without Lord DERBY. Obviously to get a man who can fulfil all the conditions which Lord DERBY fulfilled in order to lead his party in the Lords, must always be difficult, and is now impossible. The choice is now between a leader who is too like Lord MALMESBURY and one who is too unlike him, and it is very hard to say which way, in the interests of his party, Mr. DISRAELI ought to incline.

TRADE IN CENTRAL ASIA.

ONE or two articles on the commerce of Central Asia which have lately been translated from a St. Petersburg paper possess considerable interest. Trade has often followed conquest, and it is perfectly natural that Russian economists

and politicians should urge their countrymen to profit by the recent extension of the Empire. The writer in the St. Petersburg journal contends that it is desirable to cultivate the trade of the Russian possessions rather than to deal with the nominally independent States of Khiva and Bokhara; and wherever the conquerors have had the opportunity of establishing a civilized system of administration, merchants will probably prefer comparative safety and regularity to the risk of violence and to the arbitrary exactions of Asiatic rulers. The Russian system of government is faulty in comparison with that of European States, but it can scarcely fail to increase prosperity and comfort when it is substituted for the caprices of barbarous despots. The wild tribes which have in former times been annexed to the Empire have seldom attempted to recover their independence, and it is probable that an absolute and military government was better adapted to the amalgamation of new provinces than a more complex political organization. The bigotry of the Mahometan inhabitants of Central Asia may perhaps hereafter create difficulties which have not been experienced in the Crimea or in the Caucasus; but there is little doubt that the whole or the greater part of Turkestan will be permanently reduced to obedience. The construction of roads and of railroads, and the navigation of the great rivers, will secure to Russia, even without special legislation, the greater part of the trade of Central Asia; but one of the motives of the late extension of Russian territory has been the desire to secure a monopoly of markets which may hereafter become valuable. The policy of protection is practised with less disadvantage in enormous empires than within the limited area of ordinary European States. Russia and America occupy portions of the earth's surface which are almost large enough to be self-sufficing. When free trade exists without impediment or restriction from the Vistula to the frontier of China, it is easy for national prejudice to disregard the inconvenience of discouraging foreign commerce. Russian merchants, like all other traders, would conduct their business most beneficially to themselves and to the community if they were allowed to buy wherever commodities were best and cheapest; but it is not surprising that Russian theorists should be misled by fallacies which were almost universally prevalent in England a century ago.

In the remotest regions of Asia Russian manufacturers find or fear the same rivalry against which their Government has taken stringent precautions at home. Superior English goods will, unless they are artificially obstructed, find their way over the mountain passes, or in course of time they may perhaps penetrate westward from the seaports of China; and if such a trade were once established, the products of Central Asia would be returned in payment of imports. It therefore seems to patriotic Russians expedient to conquer markets which, as it is assumed, will be absolutely exclusive. Precisely the same object was contemplated when the colonial empire of England was gradually formed. The North American settlements were founded as a set-off against the rich monopoly which the Spaniards had secured in the Southern part of the same continent. When Canada was conquered, its trade was transferred from France to England; and on the eve of the American rebellion the colonies themselves admitted that the Imperial Government possessed exclusive control over the trade, although they resented its claim to tax imported articles. The discredit and disaster of the early campaigns during the French revolutionary war were in a great degree attributable to the diversion of the national energies to the seizure of sugar islands and other dependencies of France and of her allies. The anxiety which NAPOLEON often expressed for the acquisition of ships, colonies, and commerce represented the universal belief of the time that a great nation ought to be surrounded by commercial satellites who should trade only with the metropolis. It was at a later period that English manufacturers discovered the possibility of dealing with the world at large. The voluntary relaxation of Imperial control over the colonies, although it has probably prevented violent separation, was in a great measure caused by the rapid spread of sound economic doctrines. At present the colonies are perfectly free to engage in foreign trade, nor are they even prevented from imposing duties on English goods. Sugar is admitted into England from Cuba and from Mauritius at the same rates of duty, not under the influence of self-denying liberality, but because it has at last been understood that consumers are not justly or conveniently taxed for the benefit of producers. The people of the United States, notwithstanding the perversity of their actual legislation, will learn the same lesson the more certainly because their tariff injures equals and fellow-citizens instead of distant colonists. The

Russians will be converted more slowly from their plausible design of fencing in a large portion of Asia as a preserve for Russian commerce. Their new subjects, who will be the principal sufferers under the intended monopoly, will perhaps in the first instance attain comparative prosperity as the result of their partial contact with civilization.

When French, or even English, politicians confuse themselves with antiquated theories of the balance of trade, it is not surprising that Russian journalists should consider the commerce of Central Asia exceptionally valuable because the exports consist of manufactured articles rather than of raw material, and also because the exports exceed the imports. The merchants who conduct the operations which are recorded in statistical returns may be trusted to make a profit on every separate transaction, whether it is a purchase, a sale, or a contract of barter. Governments and legislators have nothing to do with the particular form of the transaction, except to abstain from interference. The discovery of a new market for Russian manufactures only proves that the inhabitants of the new provinces and of the neighbouring territory are backward and secluded. On the whole it is better to deal with richer customers, even at the risk of exporting the commodities which are produced at home in the greatest cheapness and abundance. If, however, Tashkend has any valuable productions, the Russians may perhaps derive advantage from the monopoly which they will not fail to establish. An exclusive commercial policy, though it cannot be advantageous to an entire political community, may in some instances enable one part of an empire to profit at the expense of another. The trade, whatever may be its value, has still to be created, unless it is in part diverted from the great fairs at which native Asiatic dealers have been accustomed to meet their Russian correspondents. It will never be possible to compete by means of overland traffic with maritime countries, although railroads may in time diminish the comparative disadvantages of inland commerce. Beyond the present or prospective limits of their own dominion in Asia, the Russians hope to push their trade into the almost unknown regions on the Western border of China. Within a few years the Mahometans have apparently detached large provinces from the Chinese Empire, and it is said that their ruler is hesitating between a Russian and an English connexion. If he were better informed, he would deem it wholly unnecessary to form definite commercial engagements with either of his civilized neighbours. If protection were afforded equally to Indian and to Russian traders, consumers would determine for themselves the nature of the commodities which they would require; nor is it probable that Russian industry would be successful in the contest. There can be no doubt that the population will require European cotton fabrics and hardware, but, although it may be assumed that they have something to give in return, little or nothing is known of the nature of their productions. Tribes which have lately asserted their independence in a series of religious wars will probably not be better disposed to Christian traders than to Chinese Buddhists. There is nothing in the Mahometan religion which is opposed to trade, but since the extinction of the Moorish power in Spain Mahometan nations have not cultivated commerce. It would not be worth while to extend the Russian frontier indefinitely in the direction of China; for the difficulty of holding conquered countries in subjection increases with their distance from the seat of government, and there must always be something beyond the limits of the Empire.

THE GUILLOTINE.

THERE is a common question, which we hope few of our readers may have to consider from a practical point of view, as to the pleasantest mode of being executed. Is hanging, or beheading, or poisoning, the least disagreeable? How long a time should elapse between the sentence and the infliction of the penalty? When the time comes, would we rather suffer before breakfast, or at midday, in public or in private? The good old plan was to get as much amusement out of a prisoner as possible; he was soon relieved from suspense, that the public impatience might not have time to cool; he made a long procession through the streets at the hour when his friends could attend with the greatest convenience; he had full liberty to make a dying speech for the amusement of a numerous audience; and sometimes it was found so hard to part from the pleasing object that his body was hung in chains to afford an instructive spectacle after his death. The French managed to extract some additional satisfaction from the proceeding by using slow methods for the infliction of death; and a case is recorded where a wretched criminal survived for twenty-two hours on the wheel. In short our thick-skinned ancestors tho-

roughly enjoyed the whole proceeding, and regarded it as a kind of dramatic entertainment, combining, as the advertisements express it, instruction with amusement. We have grown so tender-hearted or so squeamish now-a-days that we try to keep the whole affair as much as possible in the dark. If capital punishment is still a necessity, we seek to withdraw it in every way from public attention. The present system would reach its ultimate perfection if a plan were adopted which we have sometimes heard advocated, and criminals were entirely withdrawn from public notice on the instant of their condemnation. After sentence had been pronounced, and the doors of the Court had closed upon them, they would never again be visible to human eyes, except to the two or three persons entrusted with the duty of ushering them out of the world. The mystery which would rest over all the details of their fate would perhaps be more impressive than the most elaborate display, and even criminals might feel a greater horror at sinking, as it were, suddenly into utter darkness than at once more appearing to play a conspicuous part before the eyes of their fellow-creatures.

This pitch of perfection has not yet been attained; and M. Maxime Du Camp gives a curious account, in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of the mode in which they do these things in France. We will endeavour to give a short summary of his paper by way of illustrating the present stage of the art of execution. We will first consider the treatment of the criminal during the last days of his life. Directly after his condemnation he is stripped naked, every fragment of his clothing being carefully removed for fear of his anticipating the action of the law. He is then dressed in the usual prison costume, with the exception of a handkerchief and a cravat, which might be convenient for suicidal purposes. Finally he is put into a strait-waistcoat, which makes him totally incapable of using deadly instruments, even if he wished it, or of helping himself in any way. He is constantly in presence of a guard, and of a fellow-prisoner ready to act as a spy. The criminal thus treated is, as we are not surprised to hear, generally reduced to a state of profound depression. He generally refuses, at first, even to give the necessary powers for the appeal admitted by French law, and almost invariably gives way afterwards by the advice of his counsel and the director of the prison. Meanwhile he is allowed to amuse himself according to his fancy, so far as that expression is applicable to a man in a condemned cell, confined with a strait-waistcoat, and with no company but a spy and his gaolers. The period of suspense generally breaks down the courage of the most brutal criminals. They listen to the exhortations of a venerable priest whose duty it is to attend upon such cases. They often try to read, and, according to M. Du Camp, the favourite author of these unhappy wretches is Fenimore Cooper. The reason suggested by him is that Cooper leads them into a world of adventure, far removed from European law, where killing is considered to be a creditable occupation. We have some doubts as to the soundness of this hypothesis; the literary taste of murderers is not likely, as a rule, to be highly cultivated; and we should imagine that Cooper is probably suggested by the priest or the prison authorities as a tolerably amusing novelist who has not a single passage which could do any human being any harm even if he was in the immediate expectation of death. However, we are not surprised to hear that murderers generally fail to become absorbed in the adventures of the Leather Stocking and his companions. The guardians, we are told, are kind enough to try to distract their attention; but the poor wretch whose day of execution is not fixed is naturally a prey to nervous irritation, trembles when any one enters his room, and is often haunted by an imaginary sound like the knocking of a hammer. This, it is said, frequently amounts to physical suffering. The position must be unpleasant enough under all circumstances, but the uncertainty as to the day of execution seems to add an unnecessary pang. If the Court decides against the appeal, a memorial is sent to the Emperor; and, should he see no reason for commuting the penalty, orders are at once sent to the various officials concerned to proceed instantly to execution.

And here we must say a few words upon the guillotine itself, whose inventor, by the way, did not (as has often been asserted) die by his own creation, but expired peaceably in 1814, at the age of seventy-three. M. Du Camp dwells elaborately upon all the details of the machinery, which require more careful adaptation and more skilful management than we had imagined. It is by no means so simple a thing as it seems at first sight to cut off a human head with accuracy and despatch. The efficiency of the machine, for example, depends entirely on a modification supplied by a Dr. Louis, who made the edge of the knife oblique instead of horizontal; and who, like other improvers, nearly got the whole credit of the invention, which for some time was called a Louiseine. We need not speak of other refinements; but it is unpleasant to discover that a good deal depends upon the skill and coolness of the executioner—more, it would appear, than in the case of the English hangman. He has with one hand to hold down the criminal, who sometimes struggles, and generally gets out of the proper attitude; he then has to turn the proper screws, and afterwards by a single pressure of the hand to send the body down an inclined plane to the basket. Two assistants hold the sufferer by the head and keep down his legs; and, as M. Du Camp remarks, unless they perform their duty with a *simultanité irréprochable*, the gravest inconveniences might result. It appears, however, that this has never been the case of late years, owing, as we presume, to the quali-

cations of the chief performer. He is not only a man of colossal strength, and clad in black garments of elaborate neatness; but he is an inventor, and has conferred many advantages on the condemned by ameliorations in his instrument. He is so sensitive that he is generally ill for days after an execution; and M. Du Camp complains that, considering his qualifications, he is miserably paid. He receives only 4,000 francs a year, besides an allowance of 9,000 francs for supplying the necessary materials. He has the charge, it seems, of seven departments; but, considering that there have only been 57 executions in Paris in the last 40 years, we do not see that the salary is so bad. It is, however, rather difficult to discover any satisfactory mode of determining the value of such services. Adam Smith has a passage on this subject which is not altogether without some grim fun in it:—"The most detestable of all employments, that of public executioner, is, in proportion to the quantity of work done, better paid than any common trade whatever."

We must now return to the criminal. The authorities enter his room in the early morning, taking infinite precautions not to disturb his sleep by turning the key abruptly. They then rouse him to tell him that the hour is come. From the time of waking him to the moment of his execution takes half an hour. This includes his interview with the priest, a rather prolonged ceremony of taking off and putting on his strait-waistcoat, cutting his hair, and conducting him through various passages; and M. Du Camp suggests that by certain easy simplifications it might be reduced to half the time; so that a man might be asleep as the hour struck and be without his head at the quarter. That part of the proceedings, however, which takes place within view of the public is expeditious enough. The trying moment is that at which the guillotine, which is painted a dull red colour, first becomes visible, and it is then that the criminal tries, often in vain, to brace himself with a view to dying game and leaving a creditable name among his companions. Characteristically, too, it is in these moments that they try to recall the *mot*, carefully prepared beforehand, with which they are to take leave of the world. "Adieu, enfants de la France," was the exclamation of one Avinain, "n'avouez jamais; c'est ce qui m'a perdu!" Another man at this moment asked the name of an assistant who had been kind to him, in order that he might preserve it in his memory. But the scaffold is close to the prison; and according to an accurate observation in one instance, only fourteen seconds elapsed between the time at which the prisoner put his foot on the scaffold and that at which his head fell into the basket. The scene may be hideous enough, but it is commendably short.

The logical neatness of the French organization seems rather to fail in this instance. The execution is public, but the greatest care is taken that as few people as possible shall see it. The time is not known, except to the few enthusiasts who watch till they see the scaffold erected on the night before the event. Great care is taken to treat the criminal kindly, especially in the rather doubtful matter of getting the business over as soon as he is out of bed; yet he has all the misery of suspense, and, moreover, of suspense in a strait-waistcoat. So few criminals manage to kill themselves under our system, and it is so very little loss to the world when they do, that one might have thought that this regulation might be relaxed, for it certainly seems to be an unnecessary aggravation of torture. If the execution were in private, as is now the case in England as well as in the greater part of America and Germany, the prisoner might have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing beforehand how long he was to live. The interests, however, of the prisoner are of comparatively little importance. Nobody can look forwards to the guillotine without considerable reluctance, and whether the days are a little more or a little less unpleasant is not of very material consequence. But it is a more curious question whether this growing disgust at the publicity of executions does not foreshadow the entire abolition of capital punishment. Troppmann has probably done a good deal to preserve the vitality of the guillotine, but the number of persons guillotined steadily declines; in the five years ending in 1860 there were twice as many as in the five years ending in 1865, and it is almost necessary to murder a whole family in cold blood to get rid of "extenuating circumstances." We cannot bear to have a deed performed in public which a few generations ago was considered to be a highly moral and entertaining spectacle. May we not become so sensitive in a generation or two more as not to bear its being done in private? The French are so tender to the criminal that they only give him half an hour of certain anticipation of death, and M. Du Camp tries to show that the time might be reduced to half. The next step would be to cut off his head before he is awake; and when that consummation is reached, perhaps it may be thought improper to put an end to him at all. It is not much over a hundred years since Damiens was slowly tortured to death by the most revolting process at the Grève, and a highly-polished English gentleman went over to Paris expressly to see it done. We now take pains to reduce every extra minute of expectation for a far more execrable villain, and try to cheat anybody brutal enough to desire to see his death of the anticipated treat. Shall we become too tender-hearted to kill anybody, or will punishment be inflicted in so inoffensive a manner that we shall gradually become reconciled to it?—a question too intricate to be discussed at the present moment.

THE CHARACTER OF LANCELOT.

IN Sir Thomas Malory's collection of the Arthurian romances, if King Arthur is "flos regum," Sir Lancelot du Lake is "flos equitum et clarissimorum virorum." He holds a rank which for dignity and grace is second only to that of Arthur, and in tragic interest it hardly yields even to the King's. A brief sketch of such a character, as it stands in the romance, cannot be wholly uninteresting. Contrasted with the great heroic figures of the ancient epic, it shows forcibly what a world of change had been by the Christian idea introduced into the region of the imagination. And, as a conception dating from mediæval sources, it is a proof how far the germ and truest ideal of civilization—the basis in the individual of all that can really make society move forward and move higher—may precede the actual development of those conditions which the word civilization now to us denotes. Incidentally, a review of Lancelot's character cannot but bear on the magnificent series of poems which Mr. Tennyson has lately completed. To study what must have formed the chief material for those poems is to recognise with greater clearness than before the genius which has been at work upon them, the intuitive delicacy in selection, the power and the beauty, which will render them immortal.

Sir Lancelot is the son of King Ban of Benwicke, shadowy king of a still more shadowy kingdom. In the legend, Benwicke is defined only by the details that it is beyond seas, and that when returning thence from his wars with Lancelot after the final disruption of the Court, and on receiving news of Mordred's treason, Arthur lands at Dover. When first established as a knight of Arthur's Court, Lancelot is chosen, as the foremost warrior, to conduct Queen Guinevere to her marriage from the realm of her father, Leodogrance, of Camelard. Then began the love between them—the bond of true falsehood and of loyal disloyalty—which lasted to the end, and which made the tragic element in Lancelot's life. Only on two occasions, and on both by the arts of an enchantress, Lancelot is unwittingly drawn from his faithfulness to the Queen. By the first of these magical deceptions he became the father of Sir Galahad, and the whole matter was afterwards explained and confessed to the Queen. When the deception was practised a second time, and on his appearing, since the affair was instantly known to Guinevere, twice convicted in her eyes, Sir Lancelot falls into the terrific two-year fit of madness, half raving, half melancholy, which makes an important episode in the romance. But he is heroic even in his dejection and his remorse. Being partly cured at last by a first vision of the Sangreal, he settles in the Joyous Ile, under the feigned name of Le Chevalier Mal Fet, and his great deeds soon bring Knights of the Round Table about him, and lead to his restoration at Court. Then follows the great quest of the Sangreal, of which his own son Galahad is the moving cause, and it is during the quest that, within an ancient chapel, Lancelot has the second dreamy sight (mentioned in *Marmion*) of the Beatific Cup, when

Slumbering, he saw the vision high
He might not view with waking eye.

Before the quest was over, he met and conversed long with his saintly and knightly son, just before Sir Galahad's disappearance from the world; and, being afterwards shrunken, he solemnly renounced the old offence which had so long hung about his neck.

But when the remnant of old knights were once again reassembled at Court, when the Table had been replenished with new men, and the disturbance caused by the quest was wearing off Lancelot and the Queen fell back into the old ways. After clearing her name and fame in many a mortal combat, he is at last overborne by Gawaine, Agrawaine, and Mordred, the three nephews of Arthur, of whom the first is more conspicuous as Lancelot's mortal foe, the last as the plotter against the King. Guinevere goes into sanctuary at Amesbury, and Lancelot retires to Benwicke beyond seas. But he does not quit the Court without proffering the fullest terms of satisfaction. His own request that Guinevere may be reinstated and he himself received into accord is backed by an engagement to spend all his substance in founding religious houses at every ten miles between Sandwich and Carlisle, himself making the whole pilgrimage barefoot, and Papal Bulls are sent to second this fair and pious proposal. But Gawaine will hear of no compromise; and Arthur, with that curious weakness which in the romance is allowed to stand part of his character, lets depart his best and noblest, and follows him presently to Benwicke in battle array. There Gawaine receives his mortal wound from Lancelot, and the forces are recalled by the news that Mordred has usurped the kingdom. The "great battle in the West" then follows, which is—not described—but sung in splendid verse, in *The Passing of Arthur*.

But no sooner had Arthur withdrawn from Benwicke than Lancelot prepared himself to follow, not for reprisals, but that he might aid his King and friend against Mordred. The ghost of Gawaine, reconciled in death to Lancelot, appeared to counsel delay till these succours should arrive, and it was a slight and unforeseen accident alone that prevented obedience to the warning. After the battle, Lancelot betook himself to Amesbury, seeking an audience of the Queen. On learning there her settled resolution to abide by a holy life, he himself was received into the cloister by the "Bishop of Canterbury, a hermit," and renounced for ever his last hope of taking his old love away, beyond their common sorrows, to the distant retreat of Joyous Gard. When, after several years of the silent life, he had been an admitted priest for near a twelvemonth, he was miraculously summoned to Amesbury, whence he was to remove the body of the Queen,

then at the point of death, and to convey it to Glastonbury for a final resting-place. During his journey, the Queen, in her dying moments, spoke freely of him to the nuns. She had died but half an hour before his coming. Sir Lancelot, she said, had been priest near twelve months; and "hither he cometh as fast as he may for to fetch my corpse. And beside my lord Arthur shall he bury me." It should be said at this point that, in the romance, on the morrow of Arthur's Passing, Sir Bedivere finds a tomb newly graven, and a hermit grovelling before it, who informs him that at midnight a corpse had been miraculously laid there by the queens and other ladies of the mystic barge; so that, in the mind of the writer of the legend, an actual burial co-existed with the visionary hope and prospect of Arthur's continued life in Avilion, and of his future return. Before setting out on the journey to Glastonbury, Sir Lancelot "did all the observance of the service himself, both the dirge at night, and the mass on the morrow." She was buried with all the tender privilege and care that love and religion could bestow; and then at last the great knight's heart would no more serve to sustain his troubled and careful body. Sir Bors, his kinsman, and through all adventures his devoted and unswerving friend, could avail nothing to revive him; the Bishop could avail nothing, and then "he sickened more and more, and died and dwined away."

One night the Bishop awoke the whole hermitage with a loud and unseasonable laughter. He had never been (he said) so merry and well at ease. For "here was Sir Lancelot with me, with more angels than I ever saw men upon one day; and I saw the angels heave Sir Lancelot towards heaven, and the gates of heaven open to receive him. . . . Go ye to his bed, and then shall ye prove the sooth."

So when Sir Bors and his fellows came to his bed, they found him stark dead, and he lay as he had smiled, and the sweetest savour about him that ever they smelled. . . . and the greatest dole they made that ever made men. And on the morrow the Bishop sang his mass of *Requiem*; and after, the Bishop and all those nine knights put Sir Lancelot in the same horsebier that Queen Guinevere was laid in before she was buried.

He was entombed by them with all honour at Joyous Gard.

Such is the naked framework on which the French romancer has portrayed one of the most beautiful and splendid characters to be found in the literature of the imagination. To say that Lancelot combines the fine qualities of an Achilles and of a Hector is to say what is inadequate and even beside the mark. To the body and spirit of Achilles has been here united the soul of a Sir Philip Sidney. King Arthur reaches to a wider grasp of sovereign and large-minded design; the conception of the Cid is drawn in grand and generous proportions; but in the whole region of romance, will there be found such another union of strength with delicacy, of profound sensibility with entire capacity, as was dreamed by the author of the character of Lancelot? Generosity and courtesy and forgetfulness of self are its broad basis, its pervading elements. To forbear his own advantage

In open battle or the tilted field

is with Lancelot, as with Arthur, a second nature. This part of him, like his complete tranquillity and self-possession—never once broken by danger or by insult, never by anything but the full stress of grief and of remorse—comes of his supreme and conscious power. During the final war before Benwicke, after long enduring almost passively the assaults of Gawaine, by whom every kind of aggravation and disappointment has been brought upon him, Lancelot at last puts out his strength, and unhorses his old enemy. Gawaine challenges him desperately to take his life outright, "for if thou leave me thus, when I am whole I shall do battle with thee again." "Sir, I shall endure you by the grace of God," said Sir Lancelot; "but wit you well, Sir Gawaine, I shall never like thee smite a felled knight." During all the taunts of Sir Gawaine at the time when the restoration of Guinevere and of himself still hung in the balance, Sir Lancelot never fails to answer reasonably, liberally, and courteously. And when Sir Galahad is knighted, and a mysterious lady rides to tell the new knight's father that he must no more look to hold the first place of chivalry, "As touching that," said Sir Lancelot, "I know well that I was never the best."

His fidelity is, if that were possible, even more than a match for his large and generous courtesy. It is as if the romancer had designed to show to what moral heights a man may climb while a mortal sin still hovers about him. In Mr. Tennyson's *Guinevere* the great excuse for the relation between Lancelot and the Queen is distinctly spoken of. It was a misadventure that Arthur should have sent his best and greatest to represent himself; that he should have dazzled a young fancy with "warmth and colour" before it had grown to love the

pure severity of perfect light

which hung round his own character and designs. But though this misadventure lends a palliation, and though nearly every chapter in the romance hints a further extenuation in the general customs of the early age, yet it is clear that the connexion was to the writer a mortal sin, and nothing short of it. In the long episode of Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud (the "Iselt of Ireland" in Mr. Matthew Arnold's charming poem), it is easy to recognise a secondary reproduction of Lancelot and Guinevere. As Lancelot conducts Guinevere to Arthur, so Tristram conducts Isoud or Isolt to King Mark of Cornwall. And, if we assume this secondary relation as a fact, it is interesting to notice that in the subsidiary story the mortal taint has been provided against by throwing a supernatural halo over the relation of the two later lovers. A miracu-

lous philtre has been prepared by the father of Isolt of Ireland, by which she is to become firmly and indissolubly united to King Mark. Of this philtre she and her knightly guide inadvertently drink during the voyage, and their destiny is thus sealed beyond the power of their own wills to alter. Yet, though there is no blinking the romancer's view of Lancelot's fault, it is wonderful to observe the labour and the care which he has spent in drawing a portrait, this great fault notwithstanding, of lifelong and unwearying faithfulness.

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful made him falsely true.

In those lines the complexity of the character is admirably and perfectly described, but in the mind of the romancer it is clear that the ruling tendency was to set the honourable and the faithful qualities in the stronger relief. The whole poem of *Elaine*, in its great and multifarious beauty, is a tribute to the faithfulness of Lancelot. It might almost bear those words for its inscription, if it were not a picture of his generosity as well. The great and tragical madness which occurs in the story fell upon Lancelot for the sole reason that he could not bear so much as the appearance of infidelity. He could not brook to be thought "wanderingly lewd." Nor was he faithful to the Queen alone, but—the one disloyalty excepted—to Arthur also. Against him he would never lift a hand; and, when once the King had left beleaguering him, he was following on his track, not as foe, but as brother and ally. He was never petulant, never recklessly neglectful of what (even in extremes) might yet be done for those friends; never flagging in devotion while they lived, nor after their deaths.

Of his magnetic power of attaching others to himself there is no need to speak. Such a character, even in a low degree, cannot live and move without exercising something of that power. And some of the most striking episodes in the legend arise out of this influence, which drew to Lancelot Sir Lavaine as well as his sister—"the lily maid of Astolat"—which was felt at times and seasons by knights like Sir Tristram and Sir Gareth, and which entirely dominated a character so different from that of his great kinsman as was Sir Bors, a figure which, if not one of the first magnitude, is among the most distinctly drawn and the most interesting in the whole romance.

Lancelot is not a man "of gramarye," not a master of technical instruction, such as was then confined to the clergy, and would not have besemed a great knight of chivalry. But he is manifestly intended to be held as a man of intellectual penetration and (though not furnished with its technical machinery and instruments) possessing the essence and spirit of true culture. He detects the real excellence of the new-comer, Beaumains, when others fail in that perception, and when many of the Court hold him for no better than a kitchen-page; and by Lancelot's countenance and encouragement he is at last knighted as Sir Gareth and recognised for a nephew of the King himself. And when the damsel Maledisaunt has explained that the discredit she has thrown on a certain knight arose from no malicious intent, but through a desire to detain him from the danger of the field, Lancelot not only condones her offence but decorates her courteously with the new name of Bienpensant. This intellectual delicacy is naturally accompanied by a keen sensibility on which the romancer has bestowed the most striking touches. The tone of the character may be indeed resembled to the string of Ulysses's great bow in the *Odyssey*. Its strength made all other strength seem weakness, yet it responded to the slightest touch. Ulysses did but try and test it,

And in a low tone beautifully it sang
Voiced like a swallow.

Thus Lancelot, the undisputed master of the tilted field, is represented as being also a man frequent in self-converse, and responsive, not only to the lightest word or look from the Queen, but to appeals from his own inner nature of the most subtle kind. Quite late in the romance, when the direct and settled attacks on himself and the Queen had begun, and when he had just been doing mortal combat in her defence, he comes into the Court at a moment when a wounded knight, Sir Urre, is occupying the full attention of the King. As the leeches have all failed, the King and the best knights are trying the effect of "handling the wounds" themselves, a process resembling the "royal touching" for various maladies in later times. Last of all, Sir Lancelot is called to try where every one else has failed. He comes forward, not the man that once he was; though outwardly unchanged, he is inwardly aware of personal default, of failing name, of uncertainty and danger. But he touches the wounds, and one by one they are all healed. Then Arthur, and all the other kings and knights, gave loud thanks and praise, and made a sort of triumphal procession in honour of Sir Urre's recovery; but "*ever Sir Lancelot wept as he had been a beaten child*." No comment should be needed on those words, which supply the key to some of the finest conceptions in this complex and magnificent nature.

Mr. Tennyson will have many claims upon posterity. And this will not be the least, that he has from amongst a mass of ill-arranged romance disengaged and placed in a fair and perfect setting the portrait of this great knight, who,

Marr'd as he was, seemed yet the goodliest man,

and whose character will have been by his means handed down and remembered as one of the most remarkable creations of mediæval fancy.

EPOCHS OF REVOLUTION.

WE touched lightly in a former article on the apparent incongruity that Irish discontent should seemingly only become more bitter immediately after a great act of justice to Ireland has been done. We hinted also that the fact, unpleasant as it is, is one on which, from the light of historical precedents, we might have reckoned beforehand with almost absolute certainty. We will now carry out this line of thought a little further. As a rule, as we there remarked, the discontent of oppressed nations is most openly shown, open revolt is most likely to take place, not when oppression is at its highest, but when, if oppression has not wholly passed away, the condition of the oppressed has at least been very much changed for the better. There are exceptions to this rule, as to most rules. Such exceptions mostly come under two heads. An oppressed nation has sometimes suddenly risen when stung to the quick by some special act—an act more commonly of insult than of practical wrong. Such, if we accept the well-known story, was the case with the famous Sicilian Vespers. A single insult done by one Frenchman to one Sicilian woman led at once to the revolt of all Sicily against the French. And the case is still more remarkable if we are to believe that this sudden outbreak burst forth at the moment when a King of Aragon, a Pope, and an Eastern Emperor were all busily engaged in plotting for the deliverance of Sicily. But, whatever view we take as to the facts of the case, the common version of the tale is in no way incredible. It is in every way likely that an insult of this kind, if at once resented on the spot by one man of spirit, might stir up the minds of a whole people in an amazingly short space of time. Another sort of case is when a single man, whether we call him patriot or schemer, contrives to make a whole people the instrument of his personal policy. To those who looked on separation from England as a gain to Scotland, the look-out for Scotland never seemed darker than at the moment of the final revolt of Robert Bruce. After the murder of Comyn, Bruce had but one chance. It seemed a desperate chance, but, as it was his only chance, he risked it, and he won. In cases of this last kind the people are said to be waiting for a leader. And the leader does sometimes come at the darkest times. As the proverb says, When the tale of bricks is doubled Moses is at hand. And when Moses comes at all, it is very often at such moments that he does come. But very often Moses does not come. When no sudden provocation is well made use of at the moment, when no personal leader arises either to guide the people or to make use of them, when events are left to develop themselves in their ordinary course, revolts commonly take place when matters are a good deal mended. An inch has already been given, and an ell is demanded. The day of doubling the tale of bricks is long past; the people have full licence to go forth three days' journey into the wilderness; the only question is whether their flocks and their herds shall go with them.

The reasons for this fact are not hard to trace out. When oppression is at its height, when a nation is utterly bowed down beneath the yoke, it is often true that it really cannot rise. It has neither the strength nor the spirit to rise; it is as Homer says—one main evil of slavery is that it takes away a man's manhood and wellnigh makes him incapable of the wish to break his bonds. It is when matters mend, when some change for the better suggests the possibility of further changes for the better, that men's minds begin to stir, that the consciousness of strength returns, and with it the hope of success and the spirit to achieve it. The improvement which comes from outside, from the fears, from the necessities, or even from the improved disposition of the despot, seems tardy, feeble, and imperfect, and his very concessions suggest the idea that his subjects may be themselves able to win fuller concessions by their own right hands. Thus, in the case of the Christian subjects of the Turk, the Servian and Greek revolutions by no means took place at the time when Ottoman oppression was heaviest. The worst times for the subject nations undoubtedly were after the days of comparative good government under the great Sultans had passed away, and while the tribute of children was still levied. But it was not till long after those days that they revolted. When either the Greeks or the Servians revolted, matters had greatly changed for the better. To mention nothing else, the one difference that the tribute of children was no longer levied is of itself enough to make a wide gap between the two periods. It is not too much to say that, while the tribute of children was levied, the subject nations could not revolt; those who would have been the natural leaders of a revolt were transferred to the service of the conquerors. Certainly no expedient was ever devised for keeping a nation in bondage like that of seizing all its most promising spirits in their childhood and turning them into instruments of oppression. Under the old system Alexander Mavrokordatos would have been high in the civil service of the Sultan, and Constantine Kanarès would have been Capitan Pasha. Under such a system the subject races could not rise; their whole strength, physical and moral, was turned against themselves; it was only with the cessation of the tribute that the power to revolt or to do anything came back again. Renewed strength gave renewed hope, and no one doubted that such concessions as were made were sheer concessions of weakness. So too, looking at the matter geographically, the parts of Greece which were foremost in the revolt were exactly those where the Turkish yoke was lightest, where the greatest amount of local independence was enjoyed. For of course it was in those parts that men's spirits were higher and their actual

strength greater; the enjoyment of local independence would of itself make the thought of national independence to be more clearly understood, and the desire of it to be more keenly felt. In this case Moses came at last, but he did not come till Pharaoh's own necessities had driven him to lessen the tale of bricks at least one half.

Take another obvious case—a case not of oppression at the hands of foreign conquerors, but of misgovernment at the hands of native princes. Take the case of the great French Revolution. As we said before, it was not Louis the Fifteenth who was beheaded, but Louis the Sixteenth. Not an arm was raised, hardly a tongue was moved, against the dull, degrading tyranny of the wretched old King and his mistresses. It was when the fabric was once touched by well-meant, if not very skilful, attempts at reform, when men's minds were set astir on every question, when this and that point was yielded, that the storm of popular indignation broke forth which, in all poetical justice, ought to have overwhelmed the grandfather and not the grandson. So in our own Civil War, it was not when the despotism of Charles was at its height, when he was reigning without a Parliament, levying ship-money, and cutting off people's ears, that any armed revolt arose against him. It was not till many points had been gained, till Parliament had been twice gathered together, till many points had been yielded to the will of Parliament, that the nation found strength and spirit to bring the King to reason by force of arms. The States-General are assembled; the Parliament is assembled; that is to say, despotism pure and simple cuts its own throat with its own hand. But in neither case was this greatest of all concessions brought about by forcible opposition; the forcible opposition in both cases followed it.

Let us apply these examples to Ireland. To Englishmen it seems unreasonable and ungrateful that, immediately after the concession of a great act of justice to Ireland, Irishmen should seem more discontented, more inclined to sedition and revolt, than before. Some Englishmen are not ashamed to try to scrape together a little party triumph out of the fact, and to turn the unreasonableness and ingratitude of Irishmen to the blame of those who have sought to do Ireland justice. We say unreasonableness and ingratitude, because, according to any abstract standard, the present discontent in Ireland is both unreasonable and ungrateful. But, looking at the matter practically, it is perhaps hardly wise for public men to reckon upon much gratitude from those whom they serve, and as for expecting people to be reasonable, that is of all expectations the most unreasonable. Let us try to put ourselves in the Irishman's position. That position is, we allow, abstractedly unjust and unreasonable, but it is anything but unnatural. We honestly believe that, in this particular case, English statesmen and the English people at large have acted towards Ireland with a single-minded wish to do what was right by Ireland. But Irishmen may be forgiven if they remember that it is not very much the custom either of statesmen or of nations to act with such a single-minded eye towards what is right. They may be forgiven if they remark that such a way of dealing with Ireland on the part of England is, to say the least, something very new. The great fact of more than six hundred years of oppression looks them in the face, and it is not very wonderful if this very old fact seems to outweigh the new fact of English good dispositions towards our Ireland. We are so conscious of our own good dispositions that we do not well understand that they may not seem quite so certain to others as they do to ourselves. Just dealing towards Ireland is something so new on the part of England that it is really not amazing if Irishmen do not at first quite take in that it is just dealing. They are most certainly not doing us justice, but they are only following an instinct of frail human nature if they attribute to fear or to some sinister purpose the concessions which have been made out of a sheer wish to do right. As a rule in the history of mankind, such concessions as we have just made to Ireland have commonly been the result not of justice but of fear. The Irish may be forgiven if they fail to make the fitting exception.

In short, it will be as well to keep our eyes open to the fact that Ireland, having just received a great concession from a Power which for many ages was her oppressor, is at the very stage at which the experience of history shows that nations are most likely to revolt. It is well to be prepared for the chance. What then are we to do? Are we to draw back in the course of doing justice? Assuredly not. Let us go on doing right, but let us show that it is not through fear that we are doing it. Let us go on doing right, but let us show at the same time that we are both able and ready, if need be, to put down force by force. Of all unkindly speeches the most unkindly was the speech of the saintly hunter, "I would hurt you if I could." "I could hurt you if I would" is a better motto for a people who are determined to do right, but who are at the same time determined to show that it is not through fear or weakness that they do it.

FRIENDSHIP.

OF all classes of human relations friendship is the least cultivated in England. Domestic ties are sacred with us, professional duties are faithfully performed subject to a due percentage of grumbling, a few among us have an idea that they are citizens as well as men, and that citizenship includes certain public responsibilities; but friendship after very early youth is nowhere in the field, and is distanced by every other affection that can be

named. We have hallowed it by no religious sentiment, and thrown round it no sacredness of obligation when once undertaken; even our closest friendships are things of chance more than of choice, and come and go with the tide of events like the drift-wood of the ocean; for it is by no means certain that the man we call our friend this year will be anything nearer than a mere acquaintance next year. We know nothing of the old classic romanticism which created Orestes and Pylades; and that odd fraternization in use among certain of the Slavonians to this day, when the sworn "brother" of a man is trusted with his business, his honour, his very wife as a second self, is just as foreign to us—a phase of feeling to which we have no parallel, no false likeness even, in our more prosaic code of manners. On the contrary, mine own familiar friend of modern life is oftenest he who leads us into rotten speculations in which he secures his gain by our loss, who runs off with our daughter and makes love to our wife, and uses against us the knowledge which our very trust has given him. In fact, life is too full of competition for the mutual unselfishness and ready sacrifice of friendship; and we have substituted in its stead that general habit of good-fellowship which we mean when we call a man clubbable *par excellence*, and by this term express our highest idea of his personal qualities. And beside the weakening of the tie by competition on the one hand, and by the communism of club-life good-fellowship on the other, the complicated state of society at the present day makes it very difficult to keep up anything like that intense unity of feeling and action which younger and simpler societies find natural and easy. There are so many things to be thought of and provided for in the day's work; and among these comes the wife, whose likes and dislikes must needs more or less determine her husband's relations with his friends. And we know that very few wives adopt their husband's old friends with cordiality; while some do not even tolerate them at all, and scarcely one suffers them to be as free of the house as they were of the chambers. Hence there is scarcely any hearty friendship, implying unreserved confidence and absolute trust, possible between men of a certain position; and after schoolboy days and quite early manhood the very word itself is used only symbolically, and ceases to be of vital power or substance.

If friendship is hard to maintain between man and man, it is still more so between man and woman; so hard, indeed, that most people hold it to be impossible. Yet many women think it feasible; all wish it; and probably a few have proved it. But these are necessarily so few that they cannot be taken as a class, nor their experience accepted as more than the proof of a rare possibility. Still, there are hundreds of women to whom a man's friendship is their ideal of human affection. They do not want the excitement of flirting, or the peril and consequences of serious love-making; they want only the security and assurance of simple friendship; but an intense friendship—none of your vapid general courtesy and universal charity affairs—a friendship that means devotion and brotherhood in one, and that ensures exclusiveness in its own degree. Not necessarily exclusiveness in all relations, but only in its own; for many of these friend-desiring women will accept quite cheerfully the fact of the wife, who seldom sympathizes with her husband's platonic attachments; but if the wife will suffer them they will permit her, and make the best of such obstruction as she may cause. They are rarely allowed this exercise of their forbearance. Here and there an old family lawyer or doctor, who knows all about their affairs and ailments, and has the whole row of household skeletons off by heart, sticks by them through the changes and chances of their lives; and the world does not talk, for somehow a long professional connexion seems to give a kind of prescriptive right to close personal friendship, and no one thinks any harm of the tie. And sometimes an old lover who has married, and makes a good husband enough, retains so much feeling for the idol of his youth, now probably passing into the fading flower, as to take her affairs in hand, and protect her interests, perhaps at considerable trouble to himself, and have her constantly to his house like his sister—as he tells his wife—calling her by her Christian name, and making her almost one of his own family, with simply the house-door between. This can be done sometimes with good sense, good temper, and steady principle all round. But even these not too excessive manifestations of interest can be shown, as a rule, only to widows or spinsters; not even to separated wives; for when once a woman marries, she loses her male friends more thoroughly than even a man loses his. Even if she is separated, men are shy of befriending her; if she is living with her husband the thing is out of the question. Marriage is understood to include every affection possible to two companions of the opposite sex; the world, at least in England, not having come yet to the recognition of classified loves, and life made up of a mosaic work of attachments. The wife or husband is held to complete the cycle; and if by chance it happens, and it does sometimes happen, that the marriage is one without sympathy or intellectual companionship, the void must be endured in silence, and no attempt made to fill it up by out-of-door friendships. We cannot understand that a man should love his wife and yet have a platonic attachment for another woman. The world would laugh at the assumption of the platonism, which it would take as a convenient mask for something very different; and the wife would not like it, and perhaps would believe in it as little as the world. And what we cannot accept with men we allow still less to women; wherefore, as we said before, a friendship of any closeness whatever is next to impossible with a married woman, unless the friend is young enough to be her son, or the

husband is abnormally generous or obtuse. And even with young men, if we are to believe Dumas and others of his school, friendship means only passion in disguise, and the last love of a mature siren is the first love of the youth with whom she began by "motherhood." Of course a woman's best friend should be her brother or her husband, if she has one. Yet if her husband is not sympathetic with her, and if she has no brother, it seems rather hard on her that she may have no male friend to supplement her own deficiencies—no manly judgment to guide her in difficult moments, no care, no guardianship of any kind. But this is one of the many hardships in a mismatched marriage; and the wife whose husband is not her friend must consent to be lonely—infinity more lonely than she who has no husband at all.

Sometimes we see a bold push made for it, and a woman standing out against the opinion of the world, and fearlessly proclaiming her right to have a valuable friendship and her exercise of that right. The power of maintaining her position certainly lies with her more than with the man, for it is she who determines her lines of relation with men, and the test of her moral sincerity is in her ability to resist encroachments. If a man feels sure that exact limits have been set to his position, he will respect them and not risk the humiliation of a repulse. It is only when women are weak, insincere to themselves, vain, coquettish, or exceptionally passionate, that men are tempted over the line, and the platonism of their friendships falls to the ground as confessed humbug. If women are strong enough to be true to the platonic programme, men will be true to it also; but most women have but very shaky backbones, and the sex as a sex has not learnt yet to say No. Yet, if a man's friendliness is valuable to a woman, so is hers to him. The honest affection and sympathy of a sensible woman are priceless to a man; and he must be a mere clod who cannot appreciate their beauty and use. There are a thousand difficulties and embarrassments in which he needs her advice and help; and no one perhaps is so miserable as the man whose life is wholly without womanly sympathy. Still, one of the most foolish things a woman can do is to proffer her friendship to a man. She might as well make him an offer of her love out of hand, for the effect she will produce on his mind. How sincere soever she may be, she is not believed in; and even men, who are not fops else, take her to mean love when she says friendship, and either accept her on their own terms, which were never meant to be hers, or laugh at her for a futile attempt. The fact is, we rough, hirsute creatures are so little used to intellectual intimacies with women, or to good comradeship with any not belonging to us by blood or marriage, that we do not know what to do with their friendship when offered. And perhaps, all things considered, it is a dangerous gift, save with women of singularly exceptional conditions—the condition counting more than the temperament. For the women who are most capable of friendship are not the cold and phlegmatic, as would seem at first sight, but those who have a life beside the mere life of emotion which is generally the only one the sex possesses; such as artists or literary women—that is, women with a serious occupation and an absorbing pursuit. These women have large neutral tracts of interest where they can meet men on equal terms; consequently all that instinct of flirting and love-making and jealousy and exclusiveness which spoils so many friendships has no place with them, and they have neither time nor interest to spare for the follies of sentimentality. And this is the only real safeguard in the friendships between men and women—this inclusion of something beside and beyond mere emotion; else there is always the danger of platonism lapsing into passion, and friendship flaming out into love unawares. Perhaps the most transparent bit of humbug in this direction is with girls and young wives who assume a sisterly, or in the latter case a maternal, interest in young men, who call them by their names without preface, and say they are "dear boys" with enchanting frankness. You are bound by the laws of politeness to accept their definition; but you have your own thoughts and right of interpretation; and most likely you will take their sisterly affection as you take their mock pearls and false braids, and wonder if any one in the world—the young man himself included—is deceived by the sham.

Women's friendships with each other have long been the occasion for lofty ridicule on the part of the superior creature who dares to doubt their genuineness; and the girl's gushing passion for her schoolfellows has passed into a proverb when we wish to speak of rootless love. And certainly women do go through an immense deal of make-believe together; but, like the girl's sisterhood with handsome young ensigns and collegians, it is more a rehearsal of the serious business than anything else, and the mock metal is shown to be mock before it has been worn very long. And yet women's friendships are sometimes very real; and the sweetest affection that many a one has known in her life has been a woman's love. This can be in its perfectness only when both are verging towards middle age, when neither is a wife or mother, and when one has a stronger character than the other, so that they impact better together, and bring into their relations the charm of protection on the one side and of reliance on the other. But such friendships are as rare with us as all other kinds, though they are to be found. More of the religion of friendship may be seen abroad than we have been able to cultivate here in England. Somehow we are too exclusive, too material, too reserved and busy and suspicious, and above all too abhorrent of sentimentality, for anything so purely a matter of sentiment as this. We are too jealous of our

wives to allow them friendships—not using the word as pleasant acquaintanceship, but in its closer sense—with man or woman; and wives decline to give husbands the liberty which is denied to themselves. Among Roman Catholics the way is prepared for things of this sort by the intervention of the priest, who is always the woman's friend extra to her husband; and the Germans, who cultivate a dreamy sentimentalism in all things, import it into this; but the British temperament and mode of life—the one in its materiality, the other in its claustral domesticity—do not favour either sentimentality or intervention. So we live practically without friendship; whereby at least we make no mistake between this and love when the friend is a pretty woman with soft eyes and a sympathetic voice; or contrariwise, a man whom, were he not her friend, she would have chosen before all others for her lover.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF ORATORY.

IN the speech which he delivered at Birmingham on Tuesday Mr. Bright declared that he came to his annual meetings with his constituents with fear and trembling. "It is a very serious thing," he said, "this great political life. It is not a mere joke, nor a mere field on which ambitious men may disport themselves. It is something very serious, and for every step we must give an account." Mr. Bright claimed for himself a sense of responsibility in speaking on great public questions, for which he feared that few persons gave him credit. If this be so, the fault is in great measure Mr. Bright's. He has often used language of invective and menace which seemed to show an inadequate sense of responsibility for his words; and with Mr. Bright words have been things. It is by them that he has exercised whatever influence he possesses over his countrymen. Though a careful student of the English poets for purposes of quotation, and a somewhat miscellaneous reader of history, Mr. Bright would probably not claim any very intimate familiarity with the Greek orators or writers. Nevertheless, in what he says of himself he has been anticipated by a master even greater than he in the art of wielding a fierce democracy. Demosthenes, according to Plutarch, used to maintain that the popular orator will always prepare his speeches; since his doing so is a sign that he makes his court to the people, and wishes to please it. On the other hand, not to care what the people thinks of the speeches which are made to it is the mark of a man who has a leaning towards oligarchy and who would rather employ force than persuasion. The contrast, in its substance though not in its terms, has some applicability to modern times. The late Lord Derby's speaking was probably the best type of aristocratic, as Mr. Bright's is of popular, oratory, that our generation has seen.

That knightly eloquence all hearts delights,
If from the hall be banished all but knights.

So Lord Lytton wrote of his Rupert of debate in phrases which, if they have some tinsel, have also some truth. Lord Palmerston put the same thing in a more homely way when he described Lord Derby as the best off-hand speaker ever known in Parliament. Both descriptions express the dash and daring of the knightly onset. Demosthenes, as reported by Plutarch, concurs, to use a judicial metaphor, by anticipation. The popular orator, he says, prepares his speeches; the aristocratic orator is off-hand. Mr. Bright's careful preparation of his speeches is no secret. He is perfectly candid about the matter. As Dryden talked the art of poetry at the coffee-house, surrounded by a circle of younger admirers, so Mr. Bright is perfectly willing to enlighten the sucking Radicals of the House of Commons as to his mode of working, and the extent to which he trusts himself to the impulse of the moment or confines himself to what he has previously set down. It is evident that the more brilliant passages of his speeches are composed. They could be as little improvised as a stanza of Gray's or Tennyson's. It is also plain that the arrangement of his matter and the transitions from subject to subject are fixed beforehand, not according to any logical order, but with careful rhetorical method. If in the employment of words Mr. Bright seems now and then to have imperfectly measured his moral responsibility, he has always shown a scrupulous artistic conscience. He knows when to be dignified and when to be homely. To use an illustration of Pascal's, he knows when to speak of Paris and when of the capital of the kingdom; when of the king and when of the august monarch. Moreover, he can relieve passion and argument by humour, and loosen, in order to rivet the more firmly for the momentary relaxation, the attention of his audience.

All these natural gifts and rhetorical arts would be of small avail if Mr. Bright's oratory did not rest on what we may call an ample physical basis. He is essentially that which he has quarrelled with Mr. Charles Buxton for not being, a robust politician; and he is a robust orator too. His presence fills the eye, as his voice fills the ear. In these physical advantages lies half the battle. Even in mere historic reminiscence they go a long way. Readers of Mr. Carlyle's *French Revolution* can see that the lion-roar of Mirabeau and the voice of Danton reverberating in the roof have had a good deal to do with the place which he has assigned them among his heroes and half-divine men. On the other hand, the shrill treble of the Abbé Sieyès and the thin pipe of the incorruptible Sea-Green have aggravated his scorn of the men of formulas. A small O'Connell would not have been O'Connell. If Mr. John Stuart Mill's shoulders had been half a foot broader,

and his chest a couple of inches deeper, he probably would still be member for Westminster, and might have rivalled the great Beales himself on platforms and in Trafalgar Square. Of course, when a man impersonates the idea or fanaticism of a nation or of an age, physical disadvantages are of little account. A tenderness is felt for the fragile vessel which holds the inestimable treasure. So Robespierre's words were hung upon in the hall of the Jacobins. So even Lord John Russell was a popular hero in the days of the first Reform Bill. Sydney Smith, indeed, tells us that Lord John's smallness was a subject of much mortification and some complaint among the farmers of Devonshire when he asked for their votes. They had expected to see a son of Anak, and were disappointed with the reduced scale of humanity which was paraded before them. Sydney Smith, however, proved equal to the occasion. Lord John, he told the Devonshire grumblers, was naturally much bigger, but had been reduced by his labours in the cause of Reform. Mr. Bright has never needed any such apology, and is not likely to require it.

Physical qualities run into attributes which are mental and moral. With the robustness and massiveness which belong to Mr. Bright, there is associated a remarkable stability and self-possession. He is said to be a great reader and admirer of the speeches of Charles James Fox, to whom he has some sort of personal resemblance, but with whose oratory his own has nothing in common except a certain masculine energy. Fox's unrestrained vehemence, the swaying figure, the wild gesture, the voice now rising into a scream, now descending into a growl, the inartistic sentences—these things were the accompaniments of an eloquence wholly unlike Mr. Bright's. Passion more intense, perhaps, but more under command; words so chosen as to express something less than the speaker feels; action limited to a few simple but imperative gestures, which emphasize the points of a discourse, and seem almost to command the attention of his hearers; a voice carefully modulated, and a simple English style set off by occasional sentences framed with the art of a French epigrammatist, are some of the characteristics of Mr. Bright's oratory. He is master of himself, whatever that self may be. If there is storm in him, there is a power also which rules the storm. A figure firmly planted, delivering each sentence with an energy which seems the greater for the slowness and deliberation of the utterance, a watchful eye heedful of the effect of each word and each syllable, and apparently framing the next so as to follow up the blow, or to soften it, as may seem needful, a perfect clearness as to his own intentions, and an almost instantaneous apprehension of the mind of his audience, are apparent in Mr. Bright. He never rages and storms as Mr. Gladstone too often does. He is never, like the Prime Minister, at the mercy of his own excitement. Mr. Bright fronts the tempest which beats around him, as a lighthouse may; Mr. Gladstone is tossed about in it like a boat. The manner in which the Premier starts to his feet, and with clouded brow and fierce gesture flings out a reply, often justifies Mr. Disraeli's grateful recognition of the solid piece of furniture which separates him from his rival. A high Parliamentary authority is said to have expressed his apprehension of some day seeing this barricade surmounted, and Mr. Gladstone proceeding *ad verbum*, in the adjustment of his differences with the leader of the Opposition. As he advances to the table and steps back, glaring and thundering, hitting the box before him, or clapping his hands together with resounding slaps which sometimes drown his most important words, Mr. Gladstone seems to be purposely piling fuel upon his own fire. It is a well-known psychological law that free indulgence in the gestures natural to strong feeling acts in turn upon the feeling which suggests them, and intensifies it; nay, that you may proceed in cold blood from the gestures to the passion. Mr. Gladstone seems to need these aids of oratory. To be upon his legs is not a mere Parliamentary figure of speech with him, or an oratorical accident. Not to have a leg to stand upon physically would place him at the argumentative and rhetorical disadvantage which the phrase metaphorically expresses. Unlike the squire in *Cherry Chase*, he would not be able, in a similar plight, to fight upon his stumps. As skilful oarsmen row, so Mr. Gladstone speaks, in great measure, with his legs. Put him into a chair, and not only his copiousness diminishes—some of which might be profitably spared—but his clearness also deserts him. It is as if he had been deposited in that "Siege Perilous" of Merlin in which, as Mr. Tennyson in the *Holy Grail* tells us, "No man could sit but he should lose himself." There is a society much frequented by ancient Benthamites and more youthful believers in what has been called the John Millenium, professors of political economy, statistical members of Parliament, and peers desirous of improving their minds and gaining light as to their future prospects by discussions on the theory of rent and the differences between landed property and wealth in other forms. To this assembly of the wise, which holds its meetings in the temple once sacred to Almack's, Cabinet Ministers not unfrequently betake themselves. The Club dines and discusses the problem of the evening, each speaker sitting. In this posture Mr. Gladstone's flow of words is impeded, as the flow of courage which had animated Messrs. Giles and Brittles in *Oliver Twist* in their pursuit of the burglars was stopped by their arrival at a five-barred gate. The phenomenon is curious. Mr. Gladstone's oratorical fire, if it is to be kept alive, needs to be fanned. The self-command, doubtless the accompaniment of a stronger physique, which enables Mr. Bright to watch the impression which he makes on his hearers, and to adapt himself to it, gives him a great rhetorical

advantage over Mr. Gladstone. For the purpose of observation a sharp and quick eye, as well as an apprehensive temperament, is needed. Mr. Lowe is cool and keen enough, but the extreme shortsightedness which, as he told the electors of the University of London, impelled him from a student's life into an active career, has interfered with his prompt recognition of the impression he is making on his audience, and to that extent with his Parliamentary success. In his Life of Pitt Lord Stanhope says that, with the exception of the late Lord Derby, Lord North is the only instance of a statesman labouring under extreme shortness of sight who has ever successfully led a political party. Mr. Lowe has done all but this. In view of his achievement in 1866, when he brought into the Cave a detachment of the Liberal party, he may rank as an honorary third with those distinguished statesmen. Mr. Bright's superiority as a speaker over the other members of the triumvirate is, in part at least, due to the ampler physical basis on which his oratory rests.

THE POPE AND THE OPPOSITION.

AMIDST the profound secrecy in which the Court of Rome attempts to shroud all the proceedings of the Vatican Council, actually extending now to a prohibition of the publication of the names of the speakers, it is not easy to follow the exact course of events. Two facts, however, stand out with sufficient prominence. On the one hand, the Opposition is evidently growing in numbers, and organizing a consistent policy of resistance to the encroachments of the Curia. It is now reckoned at something between 200 Bishops and a third of the whole body, including several Cardinals; while it seems that barely 100 Bishops out of 750 can be induced to sign a petition in favour of the infallibilist dogma. Dr. Manning indeed is said to be going about in Rome telling everybody that "its ranks are daily melting like snow in the glance of Pio Nono." But there is so large a poetical element in all the Archbishop's statements on ecclesiastical matters, past or present, that we may safely assume his convictions on the subject to have been arrived at by "the high *a priori* road." The warning said to have been given by the Archbishop of Paris to Cardinal de Luca, that, if any attempt were made to carry the new dogma by acclamation, he would at once leave Rome with many of his brethren, and protest against the validity of the Council, rests on far stronger grounds of internal probability, and is in strict accordance with the antecedents and known line of that able and resolute prelate. As to the vigorous assault on the eighteen propositions before the Council by the Archbishop of Bosnia and Sirmio, Strossmeyer, and the disgrace which Cardinal de Luca has incurred by not at once silencing him, there seems to be no room for any doubt. And there is as little dispute as to his attack having been followed up by several subsequent speakers. These and many similar facts which have been mentioned give decisive evidence of the determined attitude of the Opposition. And it would seem to have been considerably strengthened, as was natural, by the violent and arbitrary nature of the endeavours made to suppress it. For the second point, which has been revealing itself more and more unmistakeably, is the increasing irritation of the Papalist party, and the desperate attempts it is making to recover lost ground, and to carry out, by foul means if not by fair, the programme originally traced out by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which, if not abandoned, has already been seriously impeded by the action of opposing forces. According to that highly-accredited organ of the Papacy it was declared, our readers may recollect, to be the hope of all good Catholics that the Council would be a very short one, lasting in fact about three weeks, and that the Bishops would be too unanimous on the important points for any effective opposition to manifest itself; the points referred to being the Syllabus, the corporal Assumption of the Virgin—to which an English Ultramontane journal has since added the Assumption of St. Joseph—and last, but not least, Papal Infallibility. These great dogmas were to be proclaimed "by inspiration of the Holy Ghost," i.e. by an organized *coup d'église*, without any previous discussion. And it was in strict accordance with this plan of campaign that a high dignitary of the Curia assured a distinguished English clergyman at Rome, just before the opening of the Council, that the nonacoustic properties of the selected place of assemblage constituted its special recommendation for the purpose; "we don't want any debating."

So far, however, the hopes of the *Papalini* have been cruelly disappointed. They find, in a sense they had not reckoned on, that "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water," and that, in seeking to give to the last new batch of pontifical *credenza*, and to the dogma of Pontifical infallibility, the prestige of a Conciliar sanction, they have called into operation a machinery beyond their power to manipulate. The spirits, indeed, did come from the vasty deep obedient to the Papal summons, but with all the arts of Roman drill they cannot be brought simply to echo, without helping to shape, "the whispers of the throne." Pius IX., who really believes in his own infallibility, and the little clique of "Curialists," who are anxious to make the rest of the world at least profess to believe it, are of course disappointed and angry. And even "celestial souls" will sometimes show their anger. Only so can we account, if the reiterated report be true, for the extraordinary stretch of arbitrary authority—extraordinary even for Rome, and for Rome under Pius IX.—by which he is said to have forbidden any unofficial meetings of bishops, even in private houses, and expressly to have prohibited the board of nine bishops—three

French, three German, and three English, including some of the most distinguished names of the Catholic hierarchy—appointed by the Opposition as their representatives, to meet at all. The forcible suppression of Bishop Maret's book, while Dr. Manning's audacious Pastoral is being circulated in all languages by the Roman Government, is an example of the same kind of policy. A still more conspicuous outrage on justice, if not on liberty of action, is reported within the last few days. It seems that the Bull *Apostolica Sedes*—the practical reproduction of the *In Cana Domini*—is being published among the Acts of the Vatican Council, though none of the assembled Fathers had even heard of it till after its publication in a Papal journal at Florence. This is much as if a Royal Proclamation were to be inserted among the Acts of Parliament of the Session during which it was issued. One more report, which has been largely circulated and not contradicted, deserves to be put on record, because, if true, it exhibits perhaps more startlingly than anything else the desperate resolve of the Court of Rome to press its points against all remonstrance, whether of friend or foe. It is stated that while Archbishop Strossmeyer was denouncing the policy of the Jesuits, Beckx, the General of the Order, was seen sitting with a placid smile on his countenance, and that after the meeting was over he replied to the indignant complaint of a zealous Papalist against the speaker, "What he said was perfectly true. I knew what would come of the line taken by the *Civiltà*, and tried to moderate it, but I was overruled." Now the Jesuit General is the absolute ruler of a community rigidly organized on the most stringent system of military despotism. If he was overruled, one authority only could overrule him, and that is the authority of the Pope. If this story is true, there could be no clearer proof of the determination of Pio Nono, who seems to be labouring under a chronic malady of infallibility on the brain, to carry through at all hazards the dogmas which he has come to identify with the future of Catholic Christianity, in spite even of the deprecation of the more cautious among his own immediate and most trusted counsellors. To observers from the outside, and especially to Protestants, such a design, in the present age of the world and condition of human thought, will look almost like sheer insanity. It may be worth while, therefore, to examine briefly the opposite points of view from which the question presents itself to the two rival parties in the Roman Catholic Church.

There can be no doubt that, to a large class of minds, and precisely the class which of late years the emissaries of Rome have chiefly aimed at attracting, the doctrine of Papal infallibility has a peculiar charm. It has been well designated as "a soft cushion" for the wearied or perplexed to rest upon. It is so consoling to have all the most difficult problems in heaven and earth which wear the heart or vex the brain settled promptly and finally by an authority always at hand, and whose infallible response can at any moment be obtained through the machinery of the telegraph or the Post Office. To remind such anxious questioners of the old doctrine of the infallibility of the Church is no satisfaction to their desires. The Church is too vast in its extent and too slow in its action to meet the urgency of these restless spirits, impatient alike of doubt and of the labour of attempting to conquer it. There are so many important points that they would like to have cleared up which the Church has most unaccountably left open, and so much variety of opinion, and so many rival schools of thought, tolerated within her pale. They want a short and easy method of dealing with all religious questions that interest or perplex them, and also, quite as much, of silencing all who decline to repeat their own particular shibboleths. To take but one instance—eighteen centuries have rolled away, and the Church has defined nothing about the nature or limits of Scriptural inspiration; but it is hardly likely that the Pope, once proclaimed infallible, would be allowed, even if he were willing, to let the doctrine remain undefined for another eighteen years. And what a relief it would be to know for certain whether, e.g., inspiration supersedes or elevates the natural powers of man; whether it is to be extended to the doctrinal and moral contents only of Scripture, and, if so, where precisely the line is to be drawn; or whether, as we have heard an advocate of the literalist theory insist, it is a matter of faith that Tobias's dog wagged its tail. On these and many other points which will readily occur to every one familiar with the subject, an infallible Pope would be able to pronounce peremptorily and at once, when asked for a decision, and—what is no less important—to brand all who demurred to his judgment as heretics, by a sentence from which there could be no appeal. Infallibility and absolute supremacy are indissolubly yoked together. From the Ultramontane point of view all this would be an immense accession of strength to the Church, while, by crushing all intellectual freedom and activity, it would be felt by their opponents as an intolerable burden and a standing menace to the future power, if not to the very existence, of faith among the educated classes. The first proposition on "rationalism" submitted to the Council, and which has elicited such a storm of condemnatory eloquence from many of its most eminent members, is said to be this—"That the human mind, unassisted by Divine light, is unable to arrive at truth, and therefore that the conclusions drawn from history, science, and experiment, if not in accordance with the dogmas of the Church, are to be rejected and condemned." On this the Bishop of Savannah is reported to have observed that he had studied the exact sciences before he learnt theology, and that he "protested against the doctrines of the Jesuits, which are not those of the Church of Christ," adding that "the Church should not, cannot put science on the Index." Bold words to be uttered in the Council Hall of the Vatican! But this proposition is a fair and by no means extreme sample of the sort of articles

that would be coined by wholesale in the Papal mint, if the infallibility of the Pontiff, which means virtually the infallibility of the Jesuits, were once erected into a dogma. It seems to be immediately aimed at the peculiar *bête noire* of Roman Curialists, the historical school of German Catholics, and is in entire harmony with a well-known dictum of Archbishop Manning's in one of his recent publications, that "to appeal to history is both a heresy and a treason." If we try to realize the future position of Liberal—that is of all non-Ultramontane—Catholics in presence of a continually growing series of utterances of this kind solemnly promulgated by a supreme and infallible Pontiff, we may form some conception of the feelings with which they must regard the threatened definition. A contemporary writer states that by the end of the sixteenth century matters had been brought to such a pass in Germany, under Jesuit influence, that Catholics had to abandon study altogether, for neither lexicons nor indexes could be safely used. This condition of things would be not only reproduced, but stereotyped in perpetuity, by the acceptance of Papal infallibility. Neither history, philosophy, jurisprudence, nor theology could be cultivated to any purpose under the restrictions of the Syllabus. Nor is even this the worst. While all intellectual movement within the Church would be reduced to stagnation, and the sympathies of those without hopelessly alienated, a still more terrible danger looms in the background. Popes have often contradicted each other before now, and there is no security against their doing the same in the future. What if a Pope should promulgate heresy? What if he should follow out the precedent set by the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and the proposed definition of the Assumption of the Virgin and St. Joseph—"the Third Person of the earthly Trinity," as the *Tablet* calls him—till the line of demarcation between the "earthly" and the heavenly potentates had grown imperceptible, at least to common eyes, and Christianity had come to be confounded with idolatry or fetishism, while its creed was summarized in the satirical formula already sometimes attributed to the more ardent "Marian" divines, "There is no God, and Mary is his mother"? This is of course but the merest outline of the hopes and fears which may be presumed to animate the rival combatants in the great conflict now being fought out, with terribly unequal resources, in the Council Hall of the Vatican. But it may suffice to illustrate the gravity of the issues at stake, and to explain the desperate earnestness of the struggle.

NEWGATE STATISTICS.

PHILANTHROPY has become such a fashion that many honest people are driven into a simulated cynicism by the very mention of the name. Just as earnest and religious men are revolted by the low inanities which fools audaciously parade as "spiritualism," so earnest and benevolent men are revolted by all the subjects which excite the languid attention and supply the feeble gabble of dilettante philanthropists. In the minds of such people a phrase like that which we have prefixed to this article is apt to excite only contempt and disgust. They will be prepared to read under such a heading a certain amount of dreary history and more dreary cant, platitudes to which years and usage have imparted even a more disagreeable flavour than marked their youthful prime, and moralizings as barren of fruit as of originality. It would be unreasonable to expect striking originality or varied incidents in the report of a Newgate Chaplain. We should rather be prepared to find a mass of hopeless and unrelieved commonplace. The majority of crimes are so stupid in their conception, the majority of criminals are so silly and have such muddy brains, that one feels angry at having bestowed even half an hour's desultory attention upon them. It is precisely this dunderheadedness of crime which is brought home to our senses by reports like these of Mr. Lloyd Jones. The more one reads them, the more one is struck with the fatuity of our race. Nothing so directly and clearly brings home to us the fact that want of heart is want of brain, and that a human sympathy and human affections are inextricably intertwined with a healthy intelligence and sober judgment.

We will begin with the report for the year 1869. The first case mentioned is a typical case, and we commend it to the attention of the educationists. It is the case of the soldier who murdered his corporal at Devonport. This was an imitative and traditional murder. Another soldier had murdered his corporal at Aldershot. An illustrated newspaper representing this crime found its way into the barracks at Devonport. At that time a private, Taylor, was under arrest for breaking barracks. Taylor fed his mind with the picture of the murder. Next day, while he was undergoing punishment drill, the corporal in charge offended him, and Taylor acted on the lesson which the illustration taught him. When he was in prison he spoke to the chaplain about his crime, and said repeatedly "That picture put it into my head." The two crimes were committed within a week of each other, and the two criminals were confined in Newgate at the same time. In the report for 1868 this emulative principle of crime is more strongly brought out. The Chaplain says that he has often had occasion to remark, at the morning chapel service, "lads with refined features, smooth hair neatly arranged, well clothed, well mannered, and having a thorough acquaintance with the use of the books which they have been directed to bring with them." He speculates and begins to inquire. The fathers of many of these boys are in circumstances of competence and situations of respectability. The marvel is, how, then, do the boys find their

way to prison? On investigation it turns out that most of them have committed robbery, generally with violence. One of the worst criminals was the youth who perpetrated the atrocious outrage on the old housekeeper who had charge of chambers in the City. And what was their impelling motive? In this, as in the generality of cases, it was a wild emulation of the vulgar heroes of the cheap press—the mock bravos, the pinchbeck Duvals, of the halfpenny journal, with their tinsel gallantry and felonious hardihood. "The delineation of character," says the Chaplain, "which had fixed itself upon the mind of one particular boy, to whom I now specially allude, was that of a terrible scoundrel whose chief characteristic was that he flinched from no crime of violence, and in such he was generally successful, owing to his great brute force and ferocity, misnamed courage. Here, then, was the source from which this boy derived his notions, which he afterwards carried out, buying pistols which he loaded to the muzzle . . . boxing-gloves, foils, &c. &c."

The further the investigation went, the more general did this source of demoralization appear. A stupid, unreasoning admiration of the blustering heroes of the *Newgate Calendar*, a veneration for their ferocious brutality, and a wondering worship of their sham jewellery, their drinking, their slang, their oaths, their low amours, their blowzy mistresses, and their uncleanly lives, seem to be the allurement to the precocious adoption of the profession of crime. The picture of a brutal burglar knocking down an old man, or a drunken ruffian ogling a prostitute, with a spicy memoir of the hero's career, seems actually all that is required to decoy certain boys of respectable parentage into a parody of the life of Dick Turpin or Jack Sheppard. A few dirty magazines or halfpenny papers, with a wretched engraving of a burglarious murder and a blotchy representation of a frowzy harlot, first taint the minds of these hapless youngsters; the next step is a visit to a reeking and stinking theatre, in which the adventures of these demigods and their congenial companions are represented by men and women as worthy of impersonating the characters as the language is of the scenes to which it is adapted. Then comes the practical result of these secret studies. First, the till is pilfered; then a cheque is forged; by degrees, early success fires the juvenile bosom to deeds of more daring felony; until at last, under the influence of drink and lust, the young bravo ventures to batter the brains of an old woman or a defenceless man. Such was the career of the precocious imp who committed the outrage in Cannon Street. Such are the careers of scores of young lads who have hitherto had the unmerited luck to keep out of the clutches of the policeman, but who are doubtless reserved for the stone-yard of Portland. And their cases are well worth considering, especially by those fluent gentlemen and ladies who are talking such a wonderful quantity of nonsense about education. Most of these boys have been born in circumstances of life immeasurably superior to those of the ordinary rustic labourer. Their fathers are not rich, but have been able to afford them many comforts. They have gone to school early, and remained there far beyond the time which is supposed sufficient to equip the intellect and arm the character of the young peasant. They can read and write with ease and fluency; in fact, their reading and writing is their ruin. They have, as we see, a familiarity with the Prayer-book and the Church-service. Yet their tastes are viler, and their hearts more brutish, than those of the most illiterate village boy that ever "tented" sheep on Dartmoor, or followed the plough in the fields of Dorsetshire. The peasant boy, however unkempt and slovenly and ignorant of his letters, is at heart not half such a reprobate as the town-bred boy, with his intelligent face, good address, and well-smoothed hair. What is the cause of it? What can possibly be the family conditions in which these lads are brought up and live? Is it that their fathers and mothers have no authority over them, and are utterly incompetent to enforce any domestic discipline? Or is it that they have had only an education of reading and writing; that the teachers have exercised no moral influence over their minds, have instilled no healthy principle, and thwarted no vicious inclination? If this be so, we would, with the utmost deference, ask, to what better and purer influences will the middle-class and lower-class youth of England be subjected under the predominance of our promised universal education? We know it is very presumptuous on our part to speak at all on a subject on which all the prigs and unmarriedable women of England have so completely made up their minds. But we are curious to know—simply as a piece of information—if the vaunted education which the poorest householder is to be taxed to give to his neighbours' children is to impart no higher or better knowledge than is possessed by these young gaol-birds, who have been so profitably instructed. If this be so, it may be not superfluous to warn the British ratepayer of the assessment which he will have to meet, not only for the instruction of the young barbarians in his parish, but also for the construction of the additional prisons which their educational development will render necessary.

We have named one cause of crime. It is needless to say that there are others, and that, among others, there is none so conspicuous or so powerful as drunkenness. The Chaplain tells us that from December 1868 to November 1869 twelve persons were tried at the Central Criminal Court for wilful murder. Of these, seven had been drinking, and were under the influence of drink at the time when their crimes were perpetrated; and two of their victims were drunk. Within the same period, forty-three persons were committed for feloniously wounding or attempting to murder.

Out of these, twenty-two cases were due to drunkenness. Again, in the majority of charges of "robbery with violence" the prosecutors appear to have been drunk, or, at any rate, "the worse for liquor." Now we are not going to moralize on the heinousness of drinking, or to propose legislative interference with the free action of free men. The whole Teutonic race loves drink and will have drink of some kind. The difference between the English tippler and his Continental neighbour is, that, whereas the latter drinks for the most part a mild and inoffensive and social liquor, the former imbibes a noxious poison, which, among other evils, intensifies the thirst it pretends to satisfy. English public-house beer is poison in one form, and English spirits are poison in another form. The object of the Legislature should be to give to the English artisan and peasant a liquor not less wholesome or cheering than his German or Swiss compeer drinks, at no higher price. Until this is done, English drinking will generally mean brutish swilling of poisonous compounds, with the after-growth of quarrels, riot, and ferocious assaults. It will sometimes imply the frays which end in murder. And, whether it ends in riot or murder, it does not appear that ordinary education has much effect in preventing its excesses.

Another potent cause of crimes, less heinous than murder, but still sufficiently grave, is the growth of betting. Clerks, shopboys, butlers, footmen, pages, now take lottery tickets of running horses, or bet by commission. Of course many of them come to great grief, and, in order to extricate themselves, resort to a more or less artistic mode of thieving. Some of them get imprisonment, others penal servitude. It would be equally easy and useless to enlarge on the corrupt state of society in which butlers and clerks forge cheques in order to bet by commission. It would, indeed, be far easier to do this than to find a remedy. Perhaps, however, it may not be deemed impertinent to suggest that this habit of betting is an imitative habit, and that, if there had not been so much unscrupulous gambling among the concocitors and directors of City Companies, there would not have been so much gambling and robbery among clerks and servants. At some future day, when honesty and judgment have mitigated the lust of speculation among the magnates of commerce, we may hope to see the cheque-book and the till safe from the attempts of its menials.

The prospect is not a promising one. Every one is calling out for more education, and the education which is threatened is precisely of that kind which whets the curiosity without expanding the intelligence, and intensifies the vague cravings without strengthening the moral principles of its recipients; which fills Newgate, and finds residents for Portland. But our "People"—with a big P—like to have it so, and so, we suppose, it must be.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

PIERCING the Isthmus of Suez is likely to give birth to a good many hopes and fears which time no doubt will justify. It will precipitate, if it does not provoke, modifications amounting to a revolution in the Oriental passenger trade. Indians and Australians have long grumbled, with great reason, that competition did so little for a deserving class of travellers who were generally by no means burdened with money. There was a choice of routes, it is true; but even men whose services were paid by time, not by the piece, were loth to let the monotony of a long sea voyage cut huge cantles out of their modest leave. Better shoot snipes or tigers in Indian swamps and jungles than bait hooks for sharks or gulls on the deck of Cape steamers and clippers. So the Peninsular and Oriental Company had the honour of carrying as large a proportion of discontented freight as perhaps any similar society in the world. It is true that the *mauvais quart d'heure* was anticipated, and, the fare once paid, the Company did its very best to soothe its passengers, and persuade them they had value for their bank-notes. It might be possible to take exception on broad national grounds to the style of the cookery, but every one confessed the liberal profusion of the table, and the generous frequency with which it was spread. Light *entrées* might seem better suited to the atmosphere in which the excellent joints were often eaten, but then the plainer fare recommended itself in that delicate stage when, tossed in chopping seas, you were trembling on the brink of squeamishness. The ship was all cleanliness, order, and neatness; its officers were friendly and courteous gentlemen and capital seamen; the passages were made with marvellous regularity; everything in short was excellently ordered, from the gangway to the engine-room and the steward's pantry. But, admitting the general luxury of the arrangements, there are luxuries which men on straitened incomes feel that they have no right to afford themselves, and which are consequently poisoned to them by the consciousness of unjustifiable extravagance. Moreover there was one common drawback in the very popularity of the Company's steamers. In the season at least they were certain to be overcrowded. We have all rebelled against the atrocious grievance of forcing more than three into a first-class railway carriage for a night journey, and the packing of three or four away in a stifling cabin under a blazing sun or in a freshening breeze means actual misery. The P. and O.'s clients began, as the servants say, to look about them to see if they could not better themselves. There were foreign competing lines said to be equally comfortable in their way. It is true that that way was not our way. The tables were served at abnormal hours with eccentric viands. Coffee was hard to come by at a breakfast that began with olives and Bologna sausages, and the tea was execrable. Lunch dwindled to

a shadow, and a dinner of disguised scraps looked like the fragments of some former feast, while the very fowls that cackled on the fore-deck were chopped small and travestied out of knowledge in queer sauces. Evening grog was regarded as an eccentricity instead of an institution. It was impossible to establish sympathies with a society which preferred *vin ordinaire* to Bass or Guinness, even had you bridged the gulf opened by a strange language. The officers were negatively demonstrative that their business was to work the ship, not to entertain the passengers, and they left your comforts to the interested mercies of the stewards. Still a good many people came to desert the flag with the orange tawny for the crimson with the black letters; for the Frenchmen carried you somewhat more cheaply, and their boats were generally less crowded. Then came the Italian packets on the Brindisi line, very comfortable steamers in their way, and which had the advantage of giving the intelligent Oriental a bird's-eye view of a good part of Europe, besides sparing him some days of confinement at sea.

But, with all that, the trade has hitherto been almost entirely in the hands of representative Companies with a semi-official character. They have traded on a great name, and, like a fashionable tailor or gun-maker, have considered it in their charges. The only difference is that a man need not go to Poole for his coat or to Westley Richards for his breech-loader unless he pleases, while Indian officers and Australian squatters were in a manner shut up to travelling with the great Companies. The Peninsular and Oriental and the Messageries Impériales are subsidized, and at first sight a subsidy ought to imply lower fares and the underselling of all competition. But whether this view is the just one or not must depend of course on the intention with which the subsidy is given, as well as on its amount. With the P. and O. it is simply the price of the bargain by which the Company undertakes to carry the mails at a certain rate, and deliver them at certain times and within a certain time. The Company say it puts no money in their pockets, and gives them nothing but prestige, and very likely they are right. They have to burn up coal in order to keep their engagements, when a merchant steamer would economize it and slacken speed. They have to send their empty steamers down the Red Sea at a time when no one who can possibly help it will expose himself to the hot blasts from the desert. Thus Government help means no reduction of fares. On the contrary, the well-earned prestige of rapidity and regularity of service entitles the Company to consider it in the bill, and a poor man with a large family would willingly compound for a day or two longer at sea with cheaper tickets. With the French Company it is somewhat different, and their very much larger subsidy is really a gratuity for which to a great extent they make only indirect returns. Beyond the Isthmus they are actually manned from the French navy; they keep up a highly creditable mercantile fleet, and regular communications between France and the chief ports of the world. But the chief part of the Government help "gets lodged," as Mr. Biglow puts it, before it goes so low as the passengers. The Company pays a handsome dividend to its shareholders, but its fares are not very much less than those of its English rivals. Considering the preference which people so very English, or rather so very little foreign, as our Indian and colonial relatives give to English ships, one may say that practically, so far as we are concerned, the two Companies have hitherto amicably shared the monopoly of the trade, although the French shareholders have been much better off than the English ones.

England, to parody Mr. Disraeli, does not love monopolies, and there is nothing Englishmen hate more than paying a fancy price for an article of every-day necessity. No one can reproach the shareholders of the P. and O. with being grasping; it was but the other day they had to go without any dividend at all. But experience already demonstrates that it is possible to undersell them, and yet give a very comfortable service. Economy rather than comfort, not to say luxury, is the primary desideratum with a large number of passengers. It is clear then that, if good and cheap steamers are supplied, people will flock to them; and if people flock to them, good and cheap steamers will be multiplied. Englishmen are not generally backward in supplying a want of this sort, but under old conditions it was natural that they should hesitate in entering on a formidable rivalry. When goods to the East went round the Cape, anything like a regular passenger service to Alexandria must have depended mainly on passengers for its profits. Now, if private houses send out cargo by the "overland" route, there is no reason why they should not feel their way in the other direction without seriously compromising themselves. Their business may be small at first, but they can afford very well to wait for its growing. Already all the finer steamers that leave the Mersey and the Thames are provided with limited cabin accommodation. With one or two exceptions, in the cases of Liverpool Companies, very few people avail themselves of it because, in the first place, the vessels dropping a few tons of cargo here, picking up a few tons there, make voyages painfully reminding you of the passage of Ulysses; in the second, because, as passengers are not seriously expected, their comforts are not provided for. The cookery is coarse, the steward out at elbows, the captain by no means the man you care to travel *en tête-à-tête* with, which is generally your fate. But advertise one of those magnificent new Mersey steamers as sailing direct for Port Said and the East; her power and seagoing qualities would leave nothing to desire, and if the owners professed to lay themselves out to court passengers, doubtless they would find enough of them to test the value of the profession. It

would assuredly be their own fault if they did not succeed. We should be greatly grieved were the P. and O. fleet to be swept from the seas, but we do not see any cause to fear such a misfortune. But we do believe that, in their own interests, they must lower their charges and retrench their expenditure. Already they have gone to work in the latter way as well as the Messageries Impériales. With one and the other paddle-steamers are now as rare as formerly they were common, for screws involve a great economy of fuel, and coal costs money in the Indian seas. But this is a reform that more than almost any other bears hard on comfort-loving passengers, and passengers have at least a right to claim to divide the saving. Then, nowadays, it will be practicable to deliver coal comparatively reasonably at Suez and Aden, whence it can be carried across the Isthmus at a nominal charge of 8s. per ton, or an actual one of about 6s., as colliers are being built now. Private steamers from England to India will regulate their charges by that fact and the consequent estimate, and those of the Companies must inevitably follow suit. Then we do think that the P. and O. might retrench with advantage in their table, giving the benefit of the retrenchment to their passengers, and that it would be fairer, moreover, were they to make the charge for it in a different form. At present the charge made covers the run, not only of the table but of the cellar, and is doubtless arranged so that the Commissariat shall be no loser in the worst event—in the event, that is to say, of the best weather, when all the world is punctual at every meal. Sea air is a marvellous tonic and appetizer, and in the first day or two, when you take refuge from *emmu* at the plentiful board, you feel you would not spare a dish from it. But you are like a man set down to scale Mont Blanc after ten months' training in London smoke. Up to about the fall of the Pilgrims his action is magnificent, and he makes a mere molehill of the mountain, but he soon begins to drag, and then each weary yard draws out into an ordinary mile. So after a week of the steamer much eating becomes a weariness of the flesh, and you positively loathe that very curry you once adored. Yet you are charged for a long dinner every day, when you would have infinitely preferred a plate of soup and a cutlet. Then, if your wife suffers from sea-sickness and lives by suction, you have to pay all the same for the dinners she might have eaten, for the stout and ale and spirits she might have drunk. It would make a material difference to a half-pay officer's balance at his agent's if, when landing at Southampton with a wife and couple of daughters after a stormy voyage, he were taxed only for what they had actually consumed even at Café Anglais prices. The system, it must be remembered, is no monopoly of the P. and O. It prevails alike in French, Italian, and Austrian boats, and is even adopted in the best of the private merchant steamers. We only indicate it as a radical mistake, as being a sort of recognised prerequisite of the Companies, just as the candle which you barely light always figures in your hotel bill for a franc. We think we see a formidable competition looming up that will force existing Companies to search out reforms for themselves. We welcome it in the interests of poverty and of the public, although we sincerely hope that the Peninsular and Oriental, a service of which any Englishman may reasonably be proud, may hold its own in spite of it. Nor should we rejoice to see the Peninsular and Oriental altogether lose its character as a *service de luxe*, and luxury of course must be paid for. But we suspect passengers will soon have opportunities of comparing the relative cost and comfort of different ways of getting to the East, and regulating their choice by the depth of their purses; and if there is too wide a margin between the fares, the lower ones will be apt to carry the profits. Of the future of the Messageries there can be no fear so long as there is a generous Emperor to share the revenues of the country with them, but it is a comfort to believe that, whoever loses by the new state of things, the public can hardly help being the gainers.

THE MANCHESTER EDUCATION BILL.

A MIDST the confusion of competing schemes and rival advocates the main outlines of the future Education Bill begin to be dimly visible. In spite of all that its defenders can say, the existing system leaves, and must continue to leave, a large part of the population very inadequately provided for in the matter of schools. The *à priori* argument that the plan of making State aid dependent upon voluntary local effort must often have the effect of giving least where most is wanted, never has been, and we believe never can be, satisfactorily answered. That some machinery must be devised for supplying schools in districts where the educational accommodation is at present inadequate may consequently be taken as recognised. The inadequacy in question may be of various kinds. There may be no school, or no school which comes up to the minimum standard of efficiency, or no school in which the rights of the parental conscience are duly respected. In all these cases it is obvious that additional schools must be provided for such children as are unable to obtain instruction without larger sacrifices on the part of their parents than they can properly be called on to make. It is clear also that these additional schools will not be connected with any religious denomination. Whatever may be the expedient adopted, a large part of the cost of providing them must fall, in some form or other, upon the public purse, and if there were no other obstacles in the way, it would be extremely imprudent to weight an Education Bill with the unpopularity attaching to any scheme which savours of concurrent endowment.

A third point which it seems safe to take for granted is that the machinery for providing additional schools which is least likely to clash with the existing schools has the best chance of obtaining general support. The community are too nearly interested in the diffusion of education to allow any regard for the denominational system to prevent them from supplying its shortcomings. But at the same time it is so important on all grounds not to lose the aid which may still be derived from this system that, as between two otherwise acceptable proposals, the preference of the public will probably be given to that which involves least disturbance of subsisting arrangements. A fourth point to which we are apparently coming is the application of compulsion in some form. What this form will be is another matter; but the probabilities of the case point to the parent, rather than the employer, as the subject of it. The difficulties of bringing any effective supervision to bear on the latter are at least as great as those which attach to compulsion of the parent, and there would not be the same feeling on the part of the community that the law was only insisting on the discharge of an acknowledged duty. Upon the way in which this element in the question is ultimately settled several other considerations must depend.

Besides the Bill put forward by the Birmingham League, we have now another prepared by the Manchester Education Committee; and it may be worth while to compare the attitude they severally take up towards the denominational system. The former proposes to deal with existing schools in two ways. If the managers are willing to accept a conscience clause, the School Board will pay the fees for such of the present scholars as require free education, provided that these do not exceed one-third of the whole number of children in the school. If the managers will admit all children free, and if they will give religious instruction only before or after school hours, and leave attendance thereat optional, the Board will pay two-thirds of the entire school expenses, thereby putting them, as regards the Government grant, on the same footing as National Rate Schools. The Manchester Bill only requires the acceptance of a conscience clause as a condition of receiving a school into union. If the school so received is a free school, the managers will be paid from 4d. to 5d. a week, according to age, for each child. If it is only an aided school, half these sums will be paid. The point of contrast in the two schemes seems to be, that the one is content with a conscience clause, whereas the other, though allowing a conscience clause to count for something, holds out better terms to such schools as consent to make attendance on religious instruction optional, even for children of the same denomination as the managers. A Church school, for example, which allows Dissenting children to stay away from the Catechism lesson will have about one-third of its expenses paid; a Church school which allows Church children to stay away from the Catechism lesson will get two-thirds of its expenses paid. Considering that the conscience clause proposed by the League makes the request of the parent necessary for subjecting any child to religious instruction, it is difficult to see the reason of this distinction. The only explanation which suggests itself is that the League believes that undue influence may be used by the school managers to induce the parent to make the necessary request—a fear which, if it has any foundation, is rather a reason for declining to accept a conscience clause at all. If the League is in a position to show that the rights of conscience can only be protected in denominational schools by preventing the teacher from insisting on the attendance at a religious lesson of any child whatever, they are bound to take this extreme course. But if the League is prepared to recognise a conscience clause as conferring a valid claim to the payment of one-third of a school's expenses, it seems to imply the existence of a decided animus against religious teaching as such that it thus bribes school managers to depose the religious lesson from its accustomed place in the school course. No doubt any such feeling as this will be disclaimed with entire truth by many members of the League. But it is probable that many among their supporters would at once avow their wish to see the denominational system not merely supplemented where it does least, but superseded where it does most. And, unluckily for the League's success, these thorough-going secularists will not always be persuaded to observe a prudent silence. For example, did any cause ever rejoice in a more typical *enfant terrible* than Professor Huxley? Here is his theory of human training:—"What was wanted," he said at Exeter Hall last Monday, "was that a child should understand that its real and permanent interest, and those considerations which would make it a useful citizen and good man, were considerations based on secular knowledge. If he chose to add to that sauce and trimmings of other kinds, there was no sort of objection to that." The three R's are the solid leg of mutton, religion and morality are but the capers or parsley and butter, with which it is served according to taste. We cannot wonder that such a speech as this makes the clergy set their faces like a flint against Secularists. They know that if the old and the new schools dovetail into one another successfully, great forbearance and tact will be needed on both sides; and it is only natural that those of them who take Professor Huxley's remarks as indicating the temper in which the plan of the League will be carried out should argue that they may as well fall fighting against it to the last as see themselves by degrees improved off the face of England. Subject, therefore, to the production of further evidence as to the inefficiency of a conscience clause as an expedient for protecting the rights of conscience, the Manchester plan seems decidedly preferable in this

respect to that of the League. The latter would "be likely"—so say the Manchester Committee—"in a very short time to annihilate the great bulk of the schools now existing, or to compel the transfer of their management from the persons who have built and supported them to new bodies, and to alter the plan and method according to which they have been hitherto conducted, by the introduction everywhere, under the offer of great pecuniary advantages, of a principle—the absolute separation of the secular and religious lessons—which the great bulk of the present managers would be unable to adopt." If it is asked why these results should follow when the managers of every school will have the choice of coming in under a conscience clause, the answer is, that the intentions and wishes of the State will be judged from the fact that it offers better terms to those persons who consent to give up direct religious teaching altogether than to those who are merely willing that Dissenters should be exempted from being present at it, and that the mere fact of such an offer being made will probably be sufficient to alienate the clergy altogether from the new organization.

The Manchester Bill is open, equally with the Birmingham Bill, to the objection on which we touched a fortnight ago, and which has since been repeated by Mr. Buxton in a letter to the *Times*. If the managers of any school decline to adopt a conscience clause, the Committee as well as the League propose that a new school should at once be built, without regard to the fact that every child in the parish may already be receiving education without any violence being done to his or her religious convictions. If the Manchester Bill passes, the costliness of this provision may not be appreciated, since a great majority of the denominational schools will probably be received into union. But if the League gains the day in Parliament, and an open breach between the clergy and the State ensues thereupon, the number of new schools will be greatly increased, and in a great many cases they will have to be built alongside of the existing schools. If it shall then turn out that not one of the children in the old school had any call to leave it, and that the School Board might have saved a large sum by simply omitting to enforce a conscience clause until such time as there should be some child capable of profiting by it, the discovery will not tend to recommend the system to the public.

AMATEUR ACTING.

IF we are right in thinking that the regular theatres are not in a hopeful state, it must at any rate be confessed that amateur theatres are flourishing. The great difficulty of the manager of a London theatre is to find good new pieces, but to the manager of a theatre in a country-house every piece is new. The necessary expense of getting up an amateur play is small, and it is scarcely possible to name any form of amusement in which money is so well laid out. The same tendency probably exists in private as in public theatricals to rely upon that which can be bought or hired in any quantity, rather than upon that which comes only from nature or by study. The theatrical tradesmen of England are able to communicate by railway with all parts of England, and no doubt they do an increasing business. But perhaps, instead of insisting upon a complete theatre and elaborate costumes, it would be more useful if amateurs would endeavour to obtain a little teaching in the business of their parts. The great difficulty in many country-houses must be to find people who can speak. The majority of English men and women have never been taught to speak at all, and the only instruction that is usually available for dramatic elocution is likely to produce results even more absurd and unsatisfactory than those which are derived from unassisted nature. The conventionalities of the stage are of doubtful value even in practised hands, and when they are attempted by unskilful amateurs the effect is ludicrous or painful. The most common of all errors which amateurs commit is, however, that of trying to imitate some well-known actor of the part they undertake, instead of studying and trying to copy nature. It is quite possible that such an imitation may be successful, and yet that the performance of the part may be a failure.

The general fondness for private theatricals has produced as its natural result an *Amateur's Guide*, which conveniently distinguishes plays as proper or very proper for private representation. The experienced compiler of this manual, Mr. T. H. Lacy of the Strand, has not omitted to observe that at Oxford, Cambridge, "and other leading colleges and institutions," female assistance must be dispensed with. We are happy to receive the assurance of such a competent authority that almost all the modern burlesques are well suited for performance under this restriction, because, if we had been left to our own unassisted judgment, we should have arrived at exactly the opposite conclusion. "Few need be told," says Mr. Lacy, "that such representations have generally been attended with most satisfactory results." But we should think that London managers are among the few who need to be told this a good many times before they will believe it. Mr. Lacy had better promulgate his doctrine among his neighbours in the Strand, and try whether he can make himself an exception to the rule that no prophet is honoured in his own country. It is certainly desirable to encourage amateurs as much as possible, but we do think the compiler goes rather too far when he includes *Dido* and *Ixion* in a list of burlesques which can be performed "with or without female aid." Although undergraduates do

many absurd things, we should think that neither Oxford nor Cambridge could produce a youth who would have the boldness to get himself up as the Princess, and still less as the Prince, of a burlesque such as those which are now performed at the London theatres, unless indeed he contemplated what may be called a burlesque of a burlesque. The notion of the play of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet left out is not nearly so extravagant as that of a burlesque without a pretty woman dressed in man's clothes. In spite of the recommendation of Mr. Lacy, we cannot accept burlesque as adapted for family use. We should not particularly desire to see our daughters performing Prince Prettyman or Princess Allfair, and our sons in such parts would be intolerable. There has been brought out lately at the Olympic Theatre a burlesque which in some important respects departs from the established model. Among the performers in it are three ladies who pretend to be men who pretend to be women. We should like to know whether the manager of that theatre is prepared to innovate in the direction indicated by Mr. Lacy. It would be much simpler to give these parts to men, and the necessity of a double disguise would be avoided. It would be pleasant to see the manager's face when this suggestion was propounded to him.

We feel some doubt whether the standard of excellence professed by this book is not too high for ordinary amateurs. When supernumeraries are called upon to express by characteristic action any emotion, such as surprise, fear, or exultation, the manager is to take care that no dull clockwork action is the result. This is the precept of our *Guide*, but we cannot help thinking that a manager of professional actors, to say nothing of a manager of amateurs, would think himself tolerably fortunate if he could get his supernumeraries to move like clockwork. The result of his instruction may perhaps deserve to be described as mechanical and conventional, but we believe that a considerable amount of energy, reinforced sometimes by a little profane swearing, is required to get any result at all out of supernumeraries. But a manager who follows the guidance of this book will expect that under his tuition each individual supernumerary will express surprise "by action in the manner which his nature dictates." We should very much like to see supernumeraries in a London theatre following the dictates of their nature, and we should also very much like to hear a manager following the dictates of his nature in expressing his surprise at their proceedings. It would, we think, be a little startling to hear one supernumerary expressing his surprise in the formula "Blow me," while a second preferred that of "Well, I'm blown," which was again varied by a third into an imprecation on his own eyes. Even if the dictates of nature were allowed to be followed in action only, and not in speech, it is easy to conceive that supernumeraries would produce some very remarkable results. It is easy to ridicule the conventionality of the stage, but the truth is, that if you engage men at a shilling or two a night, or even at much higher wages, you cannot expect them to be guided by taste or education, and the only safeguard against ludicrous blunders is conventionality. Indeed, when we leave the supernumeraries, and get among the principal performers, the same difficulty pursues us. The intending actor is advised while he is mastering the text of his part to consider the actions and expressions that should accompany its delivery, and for both these purposes a looking-glass will be of much service. It will prevent grimacing, and correct any tendency to awkward motions with the arms. Thus speaks our *Guide*, and we heartily wish that we could believe him. But we fear that if an amateur were to shut himself up for a week, and practise elocution and facial expressions before a looking-glass, the result would be far more absurd than any conventional rendering of his part. This handbook is like handbooks of dancing, fencing, and other accomplishments, which we have seen, and which, for the purpose of teaching these accomplishments, are wholly useless. It is easy to tell an amateur that his action should not be forced, and that he is to endeavour to render his part easily and naturally; but the dreadful difficulty is that the more he tries to do this, the less, necessarily, does he succeed in doing it. It avails not to tell our amateur that while his action is to be bold, decided, and not wavering, it must not become too *pronounced*, for how is he to discover whether he has hit the happy medium? Instead of practising before a looking-glass, he had much better learn his part thoroughly alone, and then go and rehearse it in company, and trust that, as he feels his part, he will find action suitable to its words. The directions of this book are about as likely to be useful in teaching an amateur to act as what is called a ball-room guide would be in teaching a man to waltz. Even when not speaking, we are to fill up our parts with good, meaning by-play; but how? The only practical directions that we find in the book appear to us to be revelations of the science of how not to do it. Thus we are told that sentimental lovers will be wanted, but the gentlemen who undertake these parts must be careful not to fall into sentimentality.

We have indicated deficiencies which are perhaps inevitable in such a work, but we are bound to confess at the same time that the compiler has spared no pains to make it perfect. We have already noticed his effort to bring burlesque within the scope of colleges and other institutions which are exclusively of the male gender, and we have now to observe that he has taken equal care to provide for the wants of ladies' schools. He announces that he has commenced the publication of dramas containing female characters only, and that this undertaking has received the

sanction of "very high religious authorities," who are not more particularly specified. We should like to know whether it is Archbishop Manning, or Dr. Cumming, or both, that have bestowed countenance on Mr. Lacy, and we should also like to know whether *La Rosière*, which is the name of one of these "ladies' plays" sanctioned by high religious authorities, is the same *Rosière* that we identify with our recollections of Mademoiselle Schneider in *Barbe Bleue*. Mr. Lacy is evidently determined to get what may be called the small end of the wedge into the religious world. He offers not only ladies' plays published under holy sanction, but home burlesques "unobjectionable in language," and he urges that if "acting charades" is an innocent amusement, "private theatricals" cannot be a deadly sin. We have never seen any of these "ladies' plays," and so we cannot say whether all the parts have to be played not only by ladies, but also in ladies' clothes. We should think that if it were possible to mitigate the exclusively feminine character of the cast by a partial adoption of masculine costume, one of these plays might be produced under the sanction of "very high religious authorities" by the manager of the Strand Theatre.

REVIEWS.

ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL INDIA.*

MRS. MANNING does not appear now for the first time as an investigator of Ancient India. The elegant single volume, *Life in Ancient India*, published by her in 1856 when she was Mrs. Speir, showed evidence of long and careful study of the materials presented at that time by Sanskrit and Buddhist scholars, and great tact in detecting and using only the best authorities, who had gained access by severe grammatical study to the fountain-heads of truth respecting the ancient history and literature of that remarkable country. It swept over a wide surface, commencing with the primeval ideas of the earliest Vedas, describing the early laws and institutions of the Brahmanic Hindus, passing on to the introduction, and tracing the development, of Buddhism, following the history, especially so far as it is authenticated from coins, and from Greek, Chinese, and other foreign sources, and interweaving with the narrative a succinct and admirable account of the Sanskrit literature in its various stages down to about the eighth century of our era. The book was very favourably received at its appearance, and deservedly so, as it furnished a tolerably complete handbook of Ancient India—of the native laws, customs, and history, before the country in any part fell under the dominion of Mohammedan conquerors, and received in their followers the first foreign element in its population. Those who wished might read the books which served as Mrs. Speir's authorities, and perhaps gain thereby equal knowledge; but the labour of reading through such a library of Indian books would be immense, and would leave on the previously unprepared reader a far less luminous impression than that conveyed in fewer words by this guide. Moreover, they would not have the advantage of Mrs. Speir's admirable arrangement of subject and beauty of style, nor have enjoyed the felicitous comments with which she adorned even the driest divisions of her subject. It is no deduction from the merits of her new and larger work on the same field to say that the *Life in Ancient India* is not eclipsed nor rendered obsolete by it. The former work covers a larger field, and is certainly likely to prove more attractive to the reader who has no previous knowledge of the subject. The student should not neglect either for the other; and, unless we are greatly mistaken, there is no English work which occupies the same ground, and is based on the recent and trustworthy researches of men who thoroughly understand the land and language of which they treat.

Mrs. Manning's *Ancient and Medieval India* was originally intended to be merely an enlarged second edition of the former work. But the great advance made in the past thirteen years in the understanding of a large portion of the literature, especially of the Vedas, rendered it impossible to speak so shortly and in such general terms of books which are now capable of full analysis, and on which the judgment of to-day differs materially from that delivered a few years ago. In the first book, for example, forty pages sufficed for the account of, and extracts from, the Vedas and their appendages; in the second, 122 are devoted to the same subject. Literature in general is treated with far greater fulness; and the great epic, the *Mahābhārata*, especially, is rendered far more intelligible, and its grandeur enhanced, by the fuller exposition of its plot and of the various episodes interwoven into it. A very full analysis of seven of the dramas is given. The Indian fables, which interest Europeans so much as presenting the earliest form of that species of popular literature which has accompanied the Aryan nations in all their wanderings, and which has given us, not only the Oriental "Tales of a Parrot" and "Kalila wa Dimna," but also *Æsop*, *Till Eulenspiegel*, and *Reineke Fuchs*, have their appropriate place. The abstruse sciences—the various systems of Hindu philosophy, the codes of law, medicine, astronomy, grammar, architecture—are treated with especial care, each having, generally at least, one long chapter to itself. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that, in place of the former one small octavo volume, we have now two large ones; or that Mrs. Manning has deemed it wise to cut out the purely historical por-

* *Ancient and Medieval India*. By Mrs. Manning. 2 vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1869.

tion, and the whole subject of Buddhism, which alone formed a third of that work. We cannot but regret the want of connexion which the loss of the history entails; but Buddhism is so wide a subject, requiring the study of its ancient books in Ceylon and the accounts of Chinese and Tibetan writers, that it can scarcely be fairly treated as a mere episode in Indian history; and yet the latter can hardly be dealt with without its aid, since it is only from Buddhism that we gain the material groundwork of authentic dates and epochs for the dateless and confused accounts of Hindu history. It is, therefore, on the whole, wise in Mrs. Manning to abandon the field of Indian history to others, or, as we would hope, to resolve to take it up herself in a future work.

The treatment of the Vedas is perhaps the subject on which the most striking advance is evident in *Ancient and Medieval India*. We have noted the greater space devoted to it, but this is not the only difference. So much curiosity had been excited about these ancient mystic books, and so much surprise awakened when the entire absence of the rigid Brahmanic system in their earlier portions was proved, and when selected poems of the highest beauty had been translated, that extravagant expectations were entertained of the character of all the works included in that general term. Under the exaggerated enthusiasm of these early anticipations, Mrs. Manning's chapter in her earlier work was written. Little, indeed, of it needs to be retracted now, except the general impression. But now she lays before us a sufficiently large apparatus of extracts to enable us to form a more reasonable judgment; and the Rich, Sâman, and Yajush are properly discriminated from each other, as well as the Brâhmana or commentary from the Sanhitâ or original text. The reader is therefore compelled to form his judgment from a mass of details which may discourage those who wish only for the general conclusions arrived at by sensible scholars. Further difficulties are created by the different views entertained respecting the character and dignity of various deities, and their relation to the Supreme Power. Of course these are inherent in the mythological subject itself, which can never, in India any more than in Greece and Rome, be reduced to a consistent history of each deity, except by ignoring all other myths but the one which ultimately prevailed. We are in this age happily released from the systematizing principle of compilers like Lemprière; but we are all the more bound to note all the aspects in which each mythological person appears, and to discover the gradual change and development of the theological system to which each belongs. Mrs. Manning has very accurately brought into bold relief the original Vedic deities, and she shows how appropriately they symbolize the various powers of nature, and especially the changes of the Indian sky—its glorious sun, now beneficent and fructifying by its warmth, now scorching by its furious heat; its lovely dawn, its brilliant light-clouds, its heavy rain-clouds, its thunder-claps that rend the clouds and bring the rain, its wind, fire, and water. Some further interest might be given to the picture by showing the exact accordance of most of these names with the familiar European ones, as occurring in Greek, Latin, and German. Still further interest might be shed on many points by a use of previous attempts, or an introduction of new ones, in comparative mythology; but we mention this latter possibility in order to record our opinion that Mrs. Manning has shown great wisdom in not being led into hazardous and possibly devious tracks, which might have ended in speculation as likely to confuse as to enlighten. But we note this point in order to prevent readers who have been fascinated by glowing pictures of the real meaning of myths about Ushas or Eos being chased away by the rising and advancing heat of the sun, from feeling disappointment at finding the Rig-Veda, from which those are drawn, when treated as a whole, to be less full than they anticipated of such lovely and beautifully explicable fancies. The nature of the earliest Vedic religion—a Solar mythology—is clearly established; and such hymns as that made known by Colebrooke, beginning, "Then there was no entity, nor nonentity," which refer to a supreme spirit (*tat = Brahma*), justly find their position much later. The nature of the difference between the two celebrated sages to whom the composition of many hymns is referred—the martial Visvâmitra and the Brahmanic Vasishtha—is thus described:—

One may say of the one as of the other, that in Sanskrit literature they never die: century after century they reappear. If legend or fiction happens to require a representative Brâhman, Visvâmitra or Vasishtha, invested with superhuman power, are sure to be introduced. But whilst Visvâmitra is the powerful soldier, Rishi Vasishtha is the pious, devotional Rishi, the model Brâhman. The most touching hymns in the Rig-Veda are attributed to Vasishtha, or, as Hindus would say, Vasishtha was the seer to whom these hymns were divinely communicated. They bear a certain stamp of individuality. They are simple ingenuous utterances; confessing sin, yearning after an unknown God, expressing attachment to an earthly sovereign, and referring to battles fought for his protection. Their tone is very different from that of the hymns of Visvâmitra, who makes no confession of sin, but in indulges in defiance of enemies, and takes especial delight in the ceremonial of sacrifice. This domineering, ostentatious spirit was repulsive, we imagine, to the more earnest Vasishtha, and led him to regard the extended ceremonial, with its numerous band of Brâhmans, with displeasure and distrust. Such feelings we perceive in the satirical hymn which has been translated by Professor Max Müller—"A Panegyric of the Frogs." That this satirical hymn was admitted into the Rig-Veda shows that these hymns were collected while they were still in the hands of the ancient Hindu families as common property, and were not yet the exclusive property of Brâhmans as a caste or association. Further evidence of the same kind is given by a hymn in which the expression occurs: "Do not be as lazy as a Brâhman."

The ceremonials connected with the Horse-sacrifice and the

Sôma-sacrifice are somewhat fully treated. The latter is illustrated by an account of its actual performance at the present day for Professor Haug at Puna; perhaps a unique instance in which those ancient and secret rites were exhibited, not only in the sight but for the instruction of a European scholar. It may also be the last instance; for "knowledge of the correct ritual is fast dying out, and Dr. Haug had much difficulty at Puna in finding a priest who was able and willing to instruct him in it." It is very curious, but its chief interest is of course for those who have read the Vedic books in which the ritual is prescribed, and who may find here the best possible commentary on them.

An interesting chapter treats of the works subsidiary to the Vedas, called Aranyakas and Upanishads, which treat largely of philosophic conceptions of Deity, and thus form an introduction to the various systems of philosophy. In one it is asked,

Of what nature is soul which existed before worlds were created? Are the instruments by which objects are perceived the soul? And reply is made, "That by which the soul sees form, by which it hears sound, by which it apprehends smells, by which it expresses speech, by which it distinguishes what is of good, and what is not of good taste, the heart, the mind, knowledge about one's self, knowledge of the sixty-four sciences, knowledge of what is practicable, &c., perseverance, desire, submission," are names of knowledge and attributes of soul, as the inferior Brahma, but "are not attributes of the superior Brahma, which has no form whatsoever."

A somewhat similar answer is given by the sage Yâjñavalkya to his wife Maitreyi:—

And Maitreyi said: "What should I do with that by which I do not become immortal? What my lord knoweth (of immortality), may he tell that to me."

Yâjñavalkya replied: "Thou who art truly dear to me, thou speakest dear words. Sit down; I will explain it to thee, and listen well to what I say." And he said: "A husband is loved, not because you love the husband, but because you love (in him) the Divine Spirit (âtman, the absolute self). A wife is loved, not because we love the wife, but because we love (in her) the Divine Spirit. . . . This Spirit it is which we love when we seem to love wealth, Brâhmans, Kshatriyas, this world, the gods, all beings, this universe. The Divine Spirit, O beloved wife, is to be seen, to be heard, to be perceived, and to be meditated upon. If we see, hear, perceive, and know him, O Maitreyi, then this whole universe is known to us."

This important doctrine, that the Supreme Soul is the only reality, and that the world has no claim to notice, except in so far as it emanated from this "reality," is, Professor Goldstûcker considers, clearly laid down in the Upanishads; and indeed he finds in these works the germs of all the "philosophies." First, man distinguished the eternal from the perishable; and next, he perceived within himself a germ of the Eternal. "This discovery," says Professor Max Müller, "was an epoch in the history of the human mind, and the name of the discoverer has not been forgotten. It was Sândilya who declared that the Self within the heart was Brahma."

The account of the six systems of philosophy is so lucid and satisfactory as not to call for special comment. The argument is too terse to be condensed, and we have not space to speak in greater detail. The above extracts show how decidedly the early Hindus were tending towards abstruse philosophical speculation, and it need not therefore surprise us that they produced various systems of the universe and its guiding or indwelling Mind, with their various ideas about the end and aim of human duty. A chapter on the Purânas follows, tracing in these late productions (some not earlier than the fifteenth century of our era) the drying up of the Hindu mind in this direction—its inability to re-animate itself, or produce anything better for recitation at great festivals than a *réchauffé* of the Vedic ritual, a blending of the various philosophies, and a new and fuller narration of earlier stories.

We are compelled to pass over many chapters on the sciences—on the codes of law, on medicine, astronomy, and algebra—though the proficiency of the Hindus in mathematical reasoning is most striking, and Colebrooke could say of the Sanskrit treatises on algebra, arithmetic, and mensuration, that "had an earlier version of these treatises been completed, had they been translated and given to the public when the notice of mathematicians was first drawn to the attainments of the Hindus in astronomy, and in sciences connected with it, some additions would have been then made to the means and resources of algebra, for the general solution of problems, by methods which have been re-invented or have been perfected in the last age";—and again, "This was as near an approach to a general solution of such problems as was made until the days of Lagrange." The chapter on ancient Indian architecture cannot tell us much except by quoting from the epics their vivid description of the splendours of the great city Ayodhyâ (Oude), and of the arrangements of the palaces of kings; for nothing remains from that early age, or indeed from any age previous to the reign of Buddhism; and it was this latter religion that produced its splendid excavated cathedrals and raised its striking columns and totes, which are the architectural wonders of India, and were only subsequently imitated by the Brahmanic Hindus.

The chapters on the great epics, the Râmâyana and the Mahâbhârata, will prove the most fascinating to many readers. The commerce between gods, god-born heroes, and men, which imparts to the Iliad and Odyssey such an undefinable charm in the blending of human actions and passions with divine overruling presences, is here seen repeated, with the necessary differentiation of Indian mythology and asceticism, but with much of the same charm. The chief actors in the Indian poem are painted with the same individuality of character. No one can fail to be charmed with the boyish vivacity and enterprise of the hero Râma, or to wonder at the delicate beauty that surrounds every mention of his lovely Sitâ; while poor Sitâ's abduction by the demon-king of Lankâ (Ceylon) is described with real tragic power, which holds the reader in suspense till her final restoration and reunion with her husband. In the Mahâbhârata, which is a more martial

story, and reminds us more of the Iliad, the Pândava brothers are even more finely drawn. The bright and amiable Arjuna, resembling Agni or the northern Baldur; the high-minded and faithful Yudhishtira, recalling Hector; and the gigantic yet mild-tempered Bhîma, like an Indian Hercules, are characters not to be forgotten. On the side of their foes and cousins, the Kauravas, the character-painting is equally fine, and their general dark treachery acts as a foil to the brightness of their foes. Drona is a character possessing much of the mystery and darkness of Hagen in the Nibelunge Nôt; Duryodhana, a weak and wicked tyrant, recalls Macbeth or King John. To read these immense epics through in the Sanskrit might yield more pain than delight; but to hear their story skillfully epitomized, and enlivened with beautiful verse translations of their finest passages, by Wilson, Griffith, and Monier Williams, is pure enjoyment.

Much in the same way in which she has treated these epics, by epitomizing and selecting translations, Mrs. Manning has dealt with the Indian drama. We rejoice that she has not fully translated them, and thereby rendered useless H. H. Wilson's delightful *Theatre of the Hindus*—a work which should never be out of print; but she has described the dramas more fully and better than has been done before in a general work like the present.

In the last chapter, on the Commerce and Manufactures of India, she has fallen into some error in trying to establish the very early introduction of Indian wares into the Western world. Strange to say, she refers to Gen. xxxvii. 25, where Joseph was sold to "Ishmaelites come from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery, balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt;" and with a want of critical skill which we should not have thought possible to her, she takes this *English version* unquestioned, and supposes, with Dr. Vincent, that we have here "the spices of India and the balsam and myrrh of Hadramaut"—as if there were not balm enough in Gilead itself! while the first word denotes, not spicery in general, but *gum tragacanth*, and the third *ladanum*, which were both certainly more at home in Palestine and Arabia than in India.

One further complaint we have to make—there is no map of Ancient India with the Sanskrit names of places, rivers, and districts. This was a good opportunity for giving such a map to the English public, and it is a pity it has been lost. There is one excellent map of this sort on a large scale, by the celebrated Kiepert; but it is attached to Lassen's *Indische Alterthumskunde*, and therefore cannot be in the hands of many.

But, allowing for these slight defects, and for any others which have not come under our ken, Mrs. Manning's work will probably long and deservedly remain a standard handbook on the literature, arts, and sciences of Ancient India.

DIXON'S "HER MAJESTY'S TOWER."—VOL. II.*

MR. DIXON'S second volume has been quicker in reaching a second, and, as the advertisements assure us, even a fourth edition, than it has been in reaching us; and our notice of it has consequently been longer in coming to the hands of our readers than it would otherwise have been. This mischance, as far as we ourselves were concerned, was specially grievous, for Mr. Dixon's new volume was one which we were specially eager to see. We do not know whether there is any other point of likeness between Mr. Dixon and the great Puritan, but, when we first saw the advertisement of his second volume, we were irresistibly reminded of the famous "More Last Words of Mr. Baxter." When a first volume is given to the world alone, it commonly contains some hint, in the title-page or elsewhere, that a second is to follow. But Mr. Dixon's first volume was as far from containing any promise or hint of a second as the "Last Words of Mr. Baxter" from containing any promise or hint of the "More Last Words." The last page of the first volume, or, to speak more accurately, the last page but two, saw Raleigh's head "roll into English dust" amid such a flourish of trumpets that we never thought for a moment that any records of meager victims were to follow after what seemed to be the grand climax. After this it might not have come into our heads to stoop to the Gunpowder Treason and Plot, to real scandals about Lady Essex and hinted scandals about Mrs. Brooksby. But Mr. Dixon no doubt knows best, and a public by whose favour he has already run to a fourth edition has clearly approved his discretion.

There certainly is one point of view from which we welcome Mr. Dixon's new volume. We now know the meaning of one expression which puzzled us not a little in the first. Mr. Dixon there spoke of his first volume as "a book of identifications"—words which certainly did not carry their own meaning with them. We had our guess about it, but it proved to be a wrong one. "A work of identification," under which head Mr. Dixon tells us that he has "already noted these Studies," turns out to mean the work of making out where such and such things happened. Mr. Dixon has identified the spots which are carefully discriminated as the "lodgings" of Lady Jane Grey, the "chamber" of Archbishop Cranmer, the "apartments" of Bishop Leslie, the "home" of the Wizard-Earl, the "room" in which Overbury was poisoned, and, to make the cycle perfect, once more the "lodgings" in which the Earl and Countess of Somerset lived. The difference between the Earl who was at "home" and the Earl who was only in

"lodgings" is a difference manifest unto all men; and we have no doubt that there is some equally good reason for the subtler distinction between a "chamber," "apartments," and a mere "room," as assigned to the descending scale of dignities of a Primate of all England, a Scotch Bishop, and a mere knight. It is clear then that Mr. Dixon is not so far led astray by his love of identification as to apply an identical name to things which at first sight seem so much alike as chambers, apartments, and rooms, unless he can conscientiously certify that the things themselves are identical. We are thus pleasantly relieved as to our lesser puzzle about the "book of identifications"; but, alas, our greater puzzle why the book should be called *Her Majesty's Tower* is as far from being solved as ever. Between the appearance of the first and that of the second volume a sort of advertisement was put forth to explain that the Tower of London was called in formal documents "*Her Majesty's Tower*." So no doubt it is, but any other tower, or any house, field, ox, or ass which happens to be *Her Majesty's* is called so just as much. A writer in one of the comic papers asked, in a way very much to the point, whether if Mr. Dixon wrote the history of any particular vessel in *Her Majesty's* navy, he would call the book "*Her Majesty's Ship*." We might even ask whether, whenever Mr. Hepworth Dixon's Life shall come to be written, he would wish the book to be lettered on the back, "*Her Majesty's Subject*."

In fact the appearance of the second volume only makes this great question even darker than it was before. "This volume," we are told in the preface, "contains the story of the Anglo-Spanish Conspiracy." "Anglo-Spanish" is a compound hardly clearer than "Anglo-Saxon" or "Anglo-Catholic"; but whether the Englishmen conspired against the Spaniards, or the Spaniards against the English, or, as the word might most naturally mean, both together against somebody else, why should the story of their conspiracy be called *Her Majesty's Tower*? A part of the former volume really was about the Tower of London, but here all that we have to do with the Tower is that many of the people mentioned in the story were imprisoned in the Tower. To be sure the thread which in the first volume connected Mary Queen of Scots with the Tower was slenderer still. Still we do not see why the story of an Anglo-Spanish conspiracy, if there ever was such a thing, should be called *Her Majesty's Tower*; we do not see in what sense either Lady Essex or Sir Thomas Overbury can be called actors in an Anglo-Spanish conspiracy; nor do we see why these two, and Garnet and Guy Fawkes, and a great many other people with whom Raleigh had nothing to do, should be called "the Raleigh group."

Mr. Dixon himself tells us that "the interest of this volume"—a modest parenthesis contains the words "it may be hoped"—"is general rather than local." Why then give the book a silly local title? The true answer most likely would be that the very silliness of the title has helped to get the book into a fourth edition. Mr. Dixon, however, tells us somewhat oracularly that the interest "lies mainly in the new lights under which recent research permits a student to tell the great story of our national life." Whether this means English history in general, or only the history of the "Anglo-Spanish conspiracy," we are left to guess. It is something, however, to learn that Mr. Dixon is a "student," and it is quite touching when he goes on to speak of "these studies" as "the occasional labour of my pen for more than twenty years." It is not everyone who can despatch "the great story of our national life" by the "occasional labour of his pen." But Mr. Dixon's pen would doubtless be a weapon quite different from the pens of Mr. Hallam or Dr. Lingard; if one could only get the pen whose occasional labours are so precious, it would doubtless be as well worth treasuring up as any of the pens with which the elder Bonaparte signed his abdication. Mr. Dixon then is a student, and "recent research permits" him to do this and that. One cannot help asking, Whose research? A good deal of research has been spent on the times with which Mr. Dixon is now dealing. Mr. Jardine has done something; Mr. Amos has done something; Mr. Gardiner has done something; even Mr. Edward Edwards has done something. But to none of these writers does Mr. Dixon vouchsafe the slightest mention, any more than he vouchsafed it to Mr. G. T. Clark in the first volume. In the case of Mr. Gardiner at least this is hard, as Mr. Gardiner has more than once mentioned Mr. Dixon. Perhaps, however, the way in which Mr. Gardiner has mentioned Mr. Dixon may not have been wholly agreeable to Mr. Dixon. Mr. Gardiner, a thoroughly accurate, judicious, and trustworthy writer, though not quite so lively as some other people, still has his fits of dry humour now and then. And there is something specially charming in the calm, dry, yet perfectly civil way in which he disposes of Mr. Dixon's former work about Lord Bacon. Mr. Dixon, we are sure, is too good a Christian to remember an injury or to repine at a deserved chastisement. A man of smaller mind might have seized the opportunity of going over the same ground as Mr. Gardiner to say something spiteful about Mr. Gardiner. Mr. Dixon is above such petty revenge. Mr. Dixon, in short, with true magnanimity, never mentions Mr. Gardiner's name. The result, however, is unlucky. However little he may intend such a consequence, nothing is more likely than that his readers may be led to believe that the whole ground has been opened by his own "recent research," and they may never come to know that such people as Mr. Jardine or Mr. Gardiner have written at all.

In short Mr. Dixon's book is prejudged in the eyes of scholars by the fact that it does not contain a single reference from one end to the other. For no statement in the book is any authority given

* *Her Majesty's Tower*. By William Hepworth Dixon. Volume II. Second Edition. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1870

except Mr. Dixon's own *ipse dixit*. It is impossible to test his narrative except by going through the same amount of labour as if we were going to write the history ourselves. In short, we stand towards Mr. Dixon much as Raleigh, or any other prisoner of those days, stood towards his accusers. Mr. Dixon, just like Coke, says what he pleases; if he has witnesses, he does not produce them in court. The other party has to answer how he can, without any means of calling his own witnesses or of cross-examining the witnesses on the other side. Now this is not fair; it is not the practice of scholars. In a mere butterfly book, in an "historical sketch" in a monthly magazine, no one would stop to care whether references were given or not. But Mr. Dixon pretends to something more. He calls his book "studies," and himself a "student"; he talks about "research," and gives himself out as the first historian of "a story which has not yet been told, except in patches, and only then without the connecting bands." We spent a little time in trying to find out what sort of a business it would be to tell the connecting bands of a patch; but that is a light matter.

Our main charges against Mr. Dixon are these:—First, that he takes an unfair advantage of his readers by making it impossible to test him without a degree of labour which no writer has a right to lay upon his reader. Secondly, that he writes history in the affected and excited style of an inferior novel, and lays out everything for effect and not for truth. Thirdly, that he has an unpleasant way of insinuating things which he does not choose to assert.

We will take for instance the sixth chapter, called "White Webbs." White Webbs was a house, partly of residence, partly of meeting, for Garnet and others of the Jesuit or Jesuited party. Among them were two ladies, daughters of the late Lord Vaux, namely, Anne Vaux, and her sister Helen, married to a gentleman named Brooksby. Brooksby seems to have been a weak tool of the Jesuits, and both his wife and her sister were besotted with what Sir James Stephen would call a "hieropathic sentiment" for Garnet. Scandal of course arose, but scandal for which we can see no sort of ground. The way in which Mr. Dixon tells all this is very unpleasant, to say nothing of the absurdity of his spasmodic style:—

White Webbs was called a seraglio; a child was born there; Helen Brooksby's child; and when Sir Edward Coke got the papers into his hands, he made coarse allusion to the paternity of this child. Garnet confessed that he was the christener; Coke demanded to be told whether he was not the father? The baby was said to have a bald head; Coke requested to know whether it had not a "shaven crown?" From these impertinences it is easier to defend the Prefect than from the accusations of Father Floyd. Griffith Floyd, a Jesuit agent, was sent to England by his superiors to inquire into the life which Garnet had been leading at White Webbs, especially as to his love of dainty food, and his alleged familiarities with Mistress Ann. He told his masters that he had "found too much." The words are somewhat vague; they were meant to damage Garnet; but we must not follow them from what they describe to what they merely hint. No proof exists of an immoral intimacy. If Garnet felt a love for either Ann Vaux or Helen Brooksby beyond what is allowed to a priest for every soul committed to his care, he never put that love into written words. But while he may be acquitted of criminal passion for his fair penitents, he must be held responsible for all the scandals piled upon their names.

And so he goes on, before and after, never directly saying, not even distinctly implying, anything, but throughout the whole part of the book which relates to Garnet and his party keeping up a sort of unhealthy and unpleasant excitement whenever he has to bring in, or chooses to drag in, the names of two very silly but, as we believe, perfectly virtuous women.

Mr. Dixon is just as unfair with regard to matters of quite another kind. Having ruled all the prisoners from the beginning of James the First's reign to the trial of the two Somersets to be the Raleigh group, he goes on to say:—

The story of this group of prisoners is that of the rise and fall of a great conspiracy, the Anglo-Spanish Plot. This conspiracy endured through many years, survived various chiefs, and put on divers shapes. It had a foreign birth and a foreign end, though it was conducted on the English soil by English hands. Conceived in the Cabinet of King Philip, it was prepared in the English Colleges of Douai and Valladolid, and put into action in our London suburbs and our midland shires. The men who began it were Jesuits, and the pupils of Jesuits; the men who continued it were Councilors and Peers; but whether the work was done by Persons and Garnet, or by Cecil, Suffolk, and Northampton, the purpose kept in view at Madrid was ever the same—the subordination of our national life to that of Spain.

While the Jesuits held the reins, the motive power was religious zeal; when the Councilors held the reins, the motive power was gold. Though trained in a foreign school, the Jesuits could only be persuaded to serve the King of Spain so long as they felt that, in serving him, they were doing their duty to God and Holy Church. The Peers who succeeded to their office as "Friends of Spain," allowed no such scruples to stay their course. Having a country to sell, they made their infamous bargains with the Spanish ambassador, and built such palaces as those of Hatfield and Charing Cross on the wages of their shame.

Now Mr. Dixon does not say, here or elsewhere, but any one who got his whole knowledge of the matter from Mr. Dixon's book would most certainly think, that there really was some one plot, call it Anglo-Spanish or anything else, in which Guy Fawkes was one conspirator, and the first Earl of Salisbury another. That both Salisbury and Northampton received pensions from Spain is undoubtedly true, but that is no reason why the story should be told in such a way that an ignorant or careless reader—and we suspect Mr. Dixon has a good many ignorant and careless readers—might really fancy that both Salisbury and Northampton had something to do with blowing up the Parliament House. Mr. Dixon of course works himself up into a frenzy of righteous indignation against both Salisbury and Northampton, and it is certainly not our purpose to defend them—Northampton

even less than Salisbury. But the matter is not one for mere declamation, for the mere tall talk of Mr. Dixon. Mr. Gardiner has discussed the question in several well-weighed pages. The point to be ever borne in mind, but which in Mr. Dixon's spasmodic way of writing is never likely to be borne in mind, is that the Minister who in those days took money from a foreign Government, disgraceful as his conduct seems by our present standard, was not then necessarily a traitor.

It is, of course, Mr. Dixon's good or ill luck to be always treading on ground which other people have trodden before him. Are we to suppose that with the general reader, the reader who buys and we suppose admires Mr. Dixon, the works of Lord Macaulay, History and Essays alike, have passed into oblivion? We are really tempted to think so when Mr. Dixon ventures to give his picture, meant no doubt to be highly eloquent and sensational, of the great Society of Jesus. Alas, we are old enough to remember the real article, and by its side the counterfeit has no charms. Elsewhere Mr. Dixon seems to have picked up some crumbs from Mr. Froude. Mr. Froude has done some real service, though those who remember Lord Macaulay's Essay on Burghley will not say that he was quite the first to do it, in showing that during a large part of the sixteenth century no hard and fast line could be drawn, as may be drawn now, between Papists and Protestants, and that a large body of people in England who conformed to the changes in religion would have been better pleased if those changes had not taken place. On the strength of all this Mr. Dixon attempts a sort of ecclesiastical philosophy:—

When the great Queen had come to her crown, one body, and only one body, calling themselves Catholic, existed in her realm. During her reign, a second body, calling themselves Catholic, sprang into life. The first were the English Catholics, the second were the Roman Catholics; and in the opening year of James's reign these two sections stood, not simply apart, but in hostile array.

From this sentence alone it would be impossible to say whether by English Catholics Mr. Dixon meant people who did conform to the Established Church, or who did not conform. Nor does it very much enlighten us when he goes on thus:—

To the first party belonged the thousands on thousands of families in every shire, who had clung, through good and evil, to the ancient rite. These families clung to that rite because it was old and venerable, because it was the rite of their fathers, because it was woven into the texture of their social and moral life. These people never thought of their church as a thing apart from their country. How could they have done so? The English Church was just as old as the English name.

But it gradually comes out that by the English Catholics are meant the party of recusants known as the Secular, and by the Roman Catholics those known as the Jesuited. Whether they would have known themselves by those names is another matter. Neither have we statistics to test the minute vulgar fractions by which Mr. Dixon assures us that "one-third of the peers, one-half the country gentlemen, two-thirds of the hedgers and ditchers were Catholic." This reminds us of that discerning plague in the early days of the Roman Commonwealth which with such arithmetical precision carried off one consul, so many senators, half the citizens, and all the slaves. Of one thing, however, we are quite sure, namely, that there was no time when "Lord Arundel, the son of a Protestant Duke, was saying clandestine mass and uttering a traitor's prayer in the Beauchamp tower." At all events the sect whose principles allowed Lord Arundel to say mass must have been a sect different from either the Seculars or the Jesuits, and one for whose existence it would have been only fair if Mr. Dixon had quoted some documentary authority.

It is hardly worth while to go through the book in detail. Those who like to read the "great story of our national life" told in a jerky affected style, and without any means of judging whether what they read is true or false, will probably read Mr. Dixon. Most likely they have read him already. As Mr. Dixon tells us, "A plot in the air—a dream in the cloister—a comedy in the tap-room—a scheme which, dying in the throes of birth, could have no public history, was no bad stuff for men like Cecil and Northampton to recast and shape." In reading a book without references we are never quite certain whether the stuff which Mr. Dixon is recasting and shaping may not be, we will not say a comedy in the tap-room, but a plot in the air or a dream in the cloister. There are, we suppose, people who enjoy the jaunty way in which Mr. Dixon talks about "Jack Winter," and "cousin Frank," and the "dumpy fellow Tom"; but when he condescends to write people's names at full length he might remember that the name of the Marchioness of Verneuil was Henrietta and not Catharine. It is all very well to talk through several pages about Arabella Stewart's "round blue eyes," those "lustrous eyes" which, like those of her cousin Mary, seem to have retained their charm some years later than is usual in such cases. But a prosaic historian, or even a lawyer, might venture to ask something about the "Royal Marriage Act," to proceedings under which Mr. Dixon (p. 72) tells us that any one who so much as entertained the project of marrying the "round blue eyes" laid himself open. Then again it is perhaps a slight matter, but we should like to have seen Mr. Dixon's authority for making Southwell "sing the Canticles in a strange land." The big C seems to identify the Canticles with the Song of Solomon. Has Mr. Dixon any evidence that that was the particular song of Zion which the captives were so cruelly pressed to sing by the waters of Babylon? Lastly, we read in p. 24:—

Never since the Lion of Judah went forth to battle, had a sterner spirit ruled a camp than he who led the English force against Del Oro.

If Mr. Dixon would give us the exact date in the month of Abib or any other in which this exploit of the Lion of Judah took place, it would be an addition to our chronological knowledge for which we should be really thankful.

THE REDLAND PAPERS.*

WE have read this novel—or, as its author prefers to call it, this romance—with a certain degree of amusement. It is obviously the work of an inexperienced writer who, as we shall presently see, has some peculiar notions of literary art, and who confides his plans to us with a charming frankness. He (using the masculine pronoun in a generic sense) informs us that “unknown writers who announce their commodities by a claptrap title” are bound to explain the grounds of their aspirations. We are accordingly told that the book is meant as a volume of light reading in India, and that it endeavours to describe the adventures in that country of a “lady of high moral worth and refined feelings.” We will presently consider how far this modest plan has been satisfactorily carried out. We must first observe, however, that the author thinks that something more was required to make the book go down with the general public. Many readers, he says, “never take up a book without a hope that it may contain something or other of an instructive nature.” We confess that our experience scarcely bears out this statement. However, the author has thought proper to satisfy this assumed craving for useful knowledge by a good deal of information as to “the history, religion, politics, and antiquities of India.” As he apparently doubts his own capacity for lecturing on these topics, he has, as he frankly tells us, plagiarized the necessary information from various sources, though trying to make it as light reading as possible. This proceeding is elaborately justified by references to the practice of Shakspeare, Schiller, Byron, and other distinguished authors. There can be no moral crime in borrowing when there is no attempt to conceal the fact. But the consequence is rather queer. The novel is diversified by little lumps of undigested guide-book, or scraps from historical and other manuals. One chapter, for example, is filled by a discussion, *à propos* to nothing, of the origin of Hindooism and Buddhism. At another point the narrative is interrupted in a critical stage to give us such information as this:—“Under the Emperor Acbar, Ajmere was a capital of a soubah of that name; Acbar subjugated all Rajpootana and made it a province of the empire. Mewar, however, was never completely subdued, for its rajah, after the sacking of Chittore, carried on a guerilla warfare against the Moguls from his retreat in the Aravulli mountains.” Elsewhere we have scraps about the land laws, and are treated to some “interesting particulars of a class of people in Guzerat called Grassias,” with a short explanation of their peculiar tenure. We are told what are the points of distinction between the Brinjarries and the Bhundarries, or we come across a political discussion resting upon such statements as the following:—“At present in most of the talooks the putwarree is an ex-carcoon from the sahib’s cutcherry”—a practice which our readers will see at a glance to be liable to very serious abuses, especially when the putwarree happens, as may easily be the case, to be a relative of the duffurdar.

We really admire the artlessness which assumes that a book can be made attractive by interspersing it with such lumps of information; but the author has another and a more promising device. He wishes, he tells us, to “increase the acuteness of the heroine’s sufferings,” and with this amiable purpose he has introduced a sensational incident which he fears may not be well received by some of his readers. He therefore “respectfully urges that such an incident is fully within the legitimate range of ideas not improper for a semi-sensation novel—a murder, for instance, or any other horror.” This last clause introduces a very wide field for speculation; if “a murder or any other horror” may be properly introduced in a semi-sensational novel, we don’t quite see what is left for a sensational novel pure and simple. Our wonder is still more increased when we discover what is the incident in question. The novel is jogging on in the most domestic fashion when the heroine is startled by seeing her husband kneeling at the feet of her sister and trying to gain possession of a letter. This letter, as she informs us with admirable brevity, “was from some person in Wales to whom, up to a very late period, he had regularly remitted money on account of a child—his child by his half-sister—and the letter by some mischance had fallen into the hands of Eliza.” In short, the heroine was precisely in the position of Lady Byron according to Mrs. Beecher Stowe; but she takes the matter with a coolness which would have thrown an additional difficulty even upon that case. She faints away, indeed, but it is because she does not appreciate the situation, and supposes her husband to be making a declaration of love to her sister, instead of requesting that lady to conceal his behaviour to his own half-sister. When she comes to her senses she is indignant, not at the atrocious crime, but because “Charles had demeaned himself, and humbled me, by going down on his knees to Eliza, to beg that she would not betray his secret.” After an explanation, she expresses her feeling in language intended to be adequate to the offence; she tells her husband that she “was satisfied so far, that he had not been guilty of making love to her own sister under her own roof; and as for the rest” (that is, apparently, the incest and its concealment) “she would not reproach him for a want of confi-

dence in her which she did not believe he loved her sufficiently well to possess.” This lady of high moral worth and refined feeling has, however, something more to say about the matter. Some time afterwards she complains that her husband was ill-tempered at dinner, because she hinted, “in jest,” at his having admired Eliza, and loved that half-sister better than he did her. This is perhaps the most singular topic for a jest between husband and wife that we ever heard of; and we must confess that we fully agree with the author’s candid remark in the preface:—“Much of the heroine’s effusions on various occasions of chagrin and disappointment will, it is feared, appear trivial and anything but sentimental.” Certainly the heroine could not have taken the matter more quietly if her husband had been convicted of the mildest of ante-matrimonial flirtations, instead of an atrocious case of incest.

We have probably said enough to impress most of our readers with the opinion that this novel, whether belonging to the semi-sensation or to any other class, is simply silly in the extreme. This, however, would not be quite a fair conclusion. Odd as it may seem, there is really some indication of power about it, although the cram, and the bit of sensation just described, are introduced with a kind of unconscious audacity. The author’s ambition was, it seems, to imitate Wilhelm Meister and Clarissa Harlowe. We confess that we do not see much similarity to the first, although the points of resemblance are carefully pointed out to us; but there is so much resemblance to Clarissa Harlowe as results from putting the story chiefly into the mouth of the heroine—only in the shape of diary instead of letters—and in a minute realism which is not without its effect. The singular excursion into the regions of sensation which we have just noticed is merely an episode, which might just as well, or rather much better, have been omitted. The rest of the story is simple enough, and is told with a certain degree of force. The heroine falls in love with an attractive young man on her way to India, and the attractive young man turns out to be a scapegrace. The main burden of the story is the evil which results from the low pay of officers in the Indian army compared with the expenses to which they are naturally inclined, and the consequent temptation to run into debt. The promising young officer meets with rapid promotion, but he has always anticipated the increase of his resources, and the additional pay is swallowed up in increased interest. Presently children come, and the struggle to keep up appearances becomes constantly more difficult. He is not a man of business; the regimental accounts get into a muddle, and he is accused of borrowing money from the military chest and from various native subordinates; an investigation follows, and he has to leave the army. By the favour of friends, he receives an appointment in the uncovenanted service. Meanwhile he has taken to undue consumption of brandy by way of relieving his mind; he is always promising amendment, and imploring his wife to forgive him this once, in a maudlin tone which inexpressibly disgusts her. He comes home smelling so disgustingly of cheroots and brandy that she cannot bear to come near him. Finally, he loses his appointment, and is driven to enlist in the artillery. The growing troubles of his wife, the efforts which she makes to reform him, and the pain with which she sees him gradually sinking, give the elements for a picture which with a little more literary skill might be really touching. It is well designed too that she is by no means a perfect character, even omitting her behaviour in the sensation part of the story. Her growing irritability under the depressing influence of the climate is cleverly indicated, and she has that disposition to jealousy which Thackeray used to attribute to his virtuous women. She is quite capable of being vexatious and unjust. To use her singular metaphor, she on one occasion leads her husband “the life of an early Christian”—we presume a Christian martyr—about a certain Mrs. Baker. Afterwards we find him assuming the still more mysterious character of a “foxy martyr”—whatever that may be—when she talks to him about another lady, instead of “soothing her and assuring her of his constant affection.” In this there is a good deal of truthfulness and some humour. The background supplied by the monotonous life of a lonely Indian station is very fairly sketched, and there are some interesting touches of native life and scenery.

Queer as the book is in some ways, it is not without promise; but unluckily the sensation element predominates at the end. The Indian mutiny comes in to bring about the final catastrophe; and here the story reads too much like a genuine narrative which gives the bare facts, leaving us to clothe them with sentiment. Such narratives are interesting when we know them to be true; when we know that they are fictitious their bareness deprives them of much merit. The mutiny, moreover, cures the husband of drink, and enables him by a fortunate combination of circumstances to make a princely fortune. There is even an unpleasant prospect that everybody will live happily ever afterwards. This catastrophe is fortunately avoided; but, on the other hand, we are presented with a genuine ghost, which moreover makes an audible speech, entirely contrary to the habits of well-regulated ghosts, and even quotes Shelley. We are thus dismissed with a gratuitous insult to our understandings, and the advantages of a humble adherence to plain prose are foolishly thrown away. The book is in fact one of the oddest mixtures we have lately met; and to give one final instance of its quaint deviations from the beaten track, it occasionally relieves the plain descriptions and the heavy bits of cram, not only by sensation writing, but by downright verses, of which the following is a

* *The Redland Papers, or the Trials of a Loving Heart.* London: General Publishing Company. 1869.

specimen. We take the middle stanza of five, but the grammar does not apparently suffer:—

With hatred and revenge to have
And feel within our grasp the foe;
Some chance shall hap, and chance to save
Him from the near and fatal blow!

CONINGTON'S AND MARTIN'S TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.*

THAT the late Professor Conington has not hitherto received from us the tribute of an "In Memoriam" is due to the circumstance that a review of his latest work, a translation of Horace's Satires and Epistles, has had to wait the appearance of Mr. Theodore Martin's rendering of the Satires, which now first sees the light. The two translators were so well worth reading together, although so different, in their versions of the Odes—their very differences of style, aim, and estimate of their work, so well repaid comparison in the lyric field of Horace—that criticism would be wanting to its functions if it took their versions of the Satires apart, and did not institute a side-by-side examination of the twain. Though late in expression, our regrets are not the less sincere for the loss of one who, to say nought of his services in other ways to Latin literature, or of the fame he had won both in England and on the Continent as easily the second of contemporary Latin scholars, has done more in his generation to lay down the lines and establish the principles of modern translation from classical authors than any other recent Englishman. His Agamemnon, his continuation of Worsley's Iliad, his Odes of Horace, his Æneis of Virgil, are not simply the results of a scholar's leisurely byplay, but the systematic and methodical working out of theories of translation which a long study of the whole subject had led him to take up. And rarely, very rarely, has a translator been gifted with so much critical skill and faculty, rarely has a critic possessed so much aptitude for the more showy and ornamental parts of a translator's vocation. The union of both qualifications has established Professor Conington as a most weighty authority in the field of translation, and the work before us, of which he scarcely lived to see the publication, will beyond a doubt enhance his high reputation. If all cannot be scholars, yet in an age when nearly all educated people like to know something, even at secondhand, of the great works of classical literature, it is a great thing to find a sure guide and a trustworthy leader—an office as to which the late Corpus Professor of Latin has not left his peer. This was no small merit; but when we add that his love of accuracy never made him stiff or dull, and that his poetic taste never failed to impart adequate embellishment to what his scholarship laid down as fulfilling the requirements of exactitude, we have summed up the ideal of a translator in whose hands his art is something more than mechanical.

Our best tribute to his name will be to set before our readers the results of a careful examination of his work, availing ourselves of Mr. Theodore Martin's versions to show how nigh to the poetic man of letters and society the finished inmate of the cloister and the academy is brought by cultivation of diverse gifts of learning and observation, and by long familiarity with a favourite author. If, too, we avail ourselves, for the purposes of comparison, of a remarkable version of the Satires by the Rev. F. Howes, which attracted but little notice on its publication in 1845, but to which in his preface Professor Conington does full justice, we shall at once be forwarding his generous desire to call tardy attention to a meritorious production, and illustrating that thorough readiness to praise, where praise is due, which is the sure token of a strong and single-hearted scholar.

Very characteristically, Mr. Conington prefaces his Epistles and Satires with a full discussion of the style, manner, and metre fittest for the representation of these works of Horace to an English audience; while Mr. Theodore Martin contents himself with saying, in passing, that his aim has been the reproduction in the minds of others of the impression made by the original upon his own mind, and a certain freedom of treatment, guarded alike from undue luxuriance and unnatural awkwardness or baldness. For the most part he leaves his *modus operandi* to be discovered from his work, while the Professor's preface builds up as it were the plan of his structure before he proceeds to lay stone to stone. In other hands this latter course might be tedious, and one is disposed to feel thankful to Mr. Howes for leaving his views to be gleaned wholly and entirely from his versions; but few translators could have had the late Mr. Conington's power of setting forth with as much good faith as enthusiasm the steps and processes of translation which he first ascertained to be fitting, and then reduced to practice. In the case of Horace's Satires he has been guided, we think, by a sound judgment in aiming at the retention of two chief characteristics of Horace, his ease and terseness. The first he accomplishes by using for his metrical equivalent Cowper's English heroic metre; the second by guarding Cowper's verse from flatness or insipidity through care that it shall represent, as far as translation can, "the various changes of mood and temper which find their embodiment successively in the Horatian hexameter." As regards measure, Mr. Conington prefers his one equivalent, as also does Mr. Howes, to the choice between

three or four, *ad libitum*, which has seemed best to Mr. Theodore Martin; and herein he certainly has the precedent and warranty of Horace. If here and there, in spite of the admitted resort to imported epigram and antithesis, in compensation for the necessary shortcomings of all translation, he fails to produce so lively an impression as the less systematized and more spontaneous happy turns of Mr. Martin, it must be borne in mind that Horace's charming colloquial Satires are, if gossip-like, yet finished in point of style, and that this feature of the original is most faithfully preserved by a due restraint upon the license apt to be taken in turning Latin satire into English. We must confess that in reading Conington's version we realize the tone and spirit of the antique more fully than when we revel in the lively pages of Mr. Theodore Martin; at the same time there breathes from the latter a native poetry, a loving, easy, unbidden reflection of the letter and spirit of our English Muse, which is only discerned in a secondary degree, and as the result rather of cultivation than inborn love, in the late Professor of Latin. Considering the little favour which translations met with in his day, we are disposed to rate Mr. Howes as highly to the full as Professor Conington does. He is singularly neat, singularly happy; but now and then there is an unevenness and a slurring over of passages which tells of a writer who felt himself to be living in an age "Cum mea nemo Scripta legat"; and who therefore did not care to polish and perfect as his Oxford successor and admirer has done. Hence his successes—and they are many—are mostly fitful and fragmentary; while those of Conington consist in a trimly composed, yet withal lively and easy, perfectness of whole; and those of Mr. Martin in a bright, gay, sparkling representation of Horace as he might be supposed to be did he live in our times and write from a fancy imbued with the thoughts and usages of our society.

Mr. Conington's preface contains some very just and pertinent remarks upon the risk which those, who, like Smart, Boscawen, and others, adopt the Hudibrastic octosyllable as the fit representative of Horatian satire, must needs run of becoming "slipshod, interminable, unclassical." And we are bound to own that though, by skill and tact and native talent, Mr. Martin's experiments in translation into this measure escape the ill-fortune of signally exemplifying the soundness of the Professor's dicta, whilst his renderings into other measures, independently of the English heroic, eminently atone for even slight tokens of abuse of the octosyllable, still a comparison in half-a-dozen passages of Conington's heroic with Martin's Hudibrastic versions of Horace would abundantly confirm the misgivings of the former, and show how fatal to a less skilled artist than the latter would be a neglect of the warning which they embody. To go no further than the First Satire of the First Book, and a noted passage of it beginning "Si quis deus, en ego, dicat," &c., it will be obvious to those who compare the two how much nearer to Horatian terseness is Mr. Conington's union of spirit with exactness in a commensurate and fairly dignified measure:—

Just suppose
Some god should come and with their wishes close:
"See here am I, come down of my mere grace
To right you: soldier, take the merchant's place!
You, counsellor, the farmer's! go your way,
One here, one there! None stirring? All say nay?
How now? You won't be happy when you may."
How, after this, would Jove be apt to blame
If with both cheeks he burst into a flame,
And vowed, when next they pray, they shall not find
His temper easy, or his ear inclined?

It is hard to conceive a neater representation of the verse "Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatissimum" than that contained in the words italicized, or a more perfect complement of the words

Neque se fore posthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?

than that of the last couplet of the above quotation. But to turn to Mr. Martin:—

Suppose some god to say "for you
What you're so eager for I'll do.
Be you a merchant, man of war!
You, farmer, get you to the bar!
Change places! To your clients you,
You to your fields! What's here to do?
Not stir? 'Tis your's, and yet you scorn
The bliss you pined for, night and morn.
Heavens! Were it not most fitting, now,
That Jove at this should fume, and vow,
He never, never would again
Give credence to the prayers of men?"

Of these lines the second is, to say the least, not over neat; the fourth is incorrect, if we respect the usual punctuation; whilst elsewhere there are omissions of such features as "buccas inflet," and additions of rhetorical artifice such as "never, never," in the last verse. The fault, however, is not so much one of diffuseness as of needless freedom, whereas in other cases it might be seen that Martin and Howes fail to conclude a couple of lines of Horace within as nearly the same English number of verses as Conington. One instance of this may suffice. In the Third Satire Horace has

Nunc aliquis dicat mihi, Quid
Nullane habes vitia? Immo alia et fortasse minora.

We could not wish for greater terseness than Conington's equivalent—

"Hold!" some one cries, "have you no failings?" Yes,
Failings enough, but different! may be, less!

* The Satires and Epistles and Art of Poetry of Horace. Translated into English Verse. By John Conington, M.A., late Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London: Bell & Daldy. 1870.

The Odes, Epodes, and Satires of Horace. Translated into English Verse. By Theodore Martin. Third Edition. London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1870.

But it is hard to see what is gained, as regards force, lucidity, or elegance, by the elongated equivalent of Mr. Martin—

"What of yourself?" should some one ask me now,
"Have you no vices then?" I must allow
I have, and haply graver to your mind,
Although, 'tis true, of quite a different kind.

In several cases, moreover, we have found upon comparison that not only in point of terse succinctness—a virtue even in the translation of Satires—and of sustainedness of diction befitting an imitation of so refined a poet as Horace, but also (as perhaps one might expect) of nice perception of the full force of the Latin, there is a marked difference in the two translators. In the Satire which we quoted last occur the lines—

Maenius absentem Novium cum carperet: "heus tu,"
Quidam ait, "ignoras te? an ut ignotum dare nobis
Verba putas?" "Egomet mi ignosco," Maenius inquit.

The point of these lines consists in the different shades of sense and intention in the words "ignoras," "ignotum," "ignosco." Mr. Conington apprehends this, and goes far to reproduce it in his rendering:—

"Do you not know yourself?" said one, "or think
That if you play the stranger we shall wink?"
"Not know myself," he answered, "You say true:
I do not, so I take a stranger's due."

Howes, too, sees the importance of compensating for, if he cannot reproduce, the point of the Latin:—

"Art thou," he cries, "blind to thyself alone?
Or wouldst thou vapour, as to us unknown,
Look o'er thine own past follies!" "So I do,"
Retorts the wag—"and overlook them too!"

But this, though in the spirit of Mr. Conington's recipe for imparting pungency, is surely a little far-fetched. At the same time one hardly acquiesces in Mr. Theodore Martin's apparently designed omission of consideration for this point in his lines—

"How," cried a friend; "do you so little know
Yourself, or think you can hoodwink us so
To what your vices are?" Said Maenius, "Why,
On mine own sins I look with lenient eye."

in like manner—to take a passing illustration—neither Mr. Theodore Martin nor Mr. Howes gets out of the line

Parvula—nam exemplo est—*magni* formica laboris

the happy and surely not undesigned antithesis which Conington hits off in his

That tiny type of giant industry.

There are, however, other cases where we must give the palm to Mr. Martin. His rendering of Sat. II. i. 24—5—

Ut semel ieto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerosque lucernis—
When
Wine throws his brain into a stew,
And he for every lamp sees two—

is simpler and happier than Conington's

When the wine
Mounts to his head and doubled lustres shine

or than Howes's

When the warm fumes arise,
And doubling flambeaux swim before his eyes.

And perhaps the same may be said of his rendering of the last line of the same satire,

Solvuntur risu tabule: tu missus abibis,

where his amplification—though somewhat liberal—can scarcely be deemed illegitimate. It runs:—

The Court with laughter cracks its sides,
And off the bard in triumph rides;

and its little touches of filling-in are just what constitute the charm of his best passages. We have not left ourselves much space to exhibit these, and it must suffice to say that amongst them, despite our warnings against the metre, we reckon some parts of the famous Ninth Satire of the First Book, "*Idem forte Viâ*," which Mr. Martin has done into octosyllables. If he is compared in Sat. I. vi. 85-93 with Conington or Howes, as respects his representation of Horace's honest, natural, eloquent praise of his father's judgment and affection, displayed in his nurture and education, it will be agreed, we suspect, that Mr. Martin's version, which reads like a bit of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, or *Traveller*, comes out *facile princeps*, and the comparison is the more satisfactory because all three here adopt the heroic measure. Happiest, however, of his less strictly satirical metres is that which Goldsmith used for his *Hunch of Venison*; and this he has so used, in translating the Second Satire of the Second Book, that we shall quote a snatch of it as a sample of his happiest vein ("*Rancidum aprum antiqui . . . tulisset*") :—

Keep your boar till 'tis rank! said our sires: which arose,
I am confident, not from their having no nose,
But more from their notion that some of their best
Should be kept in reserve for the chance of a guest:
And though ere he came it grew stale on the shelf,
This was better than eating all up by oneself!
O! would I had only on earth found a place
In the days of that noble heroic old race!

All the Satire is of a piece with this extract, but with other experiments in fitting Horace to English metres, such, *e.g.*, as that in the Second Satire of the First Book, we are less satisfied. Mr. Conington, with his "one way" of metre, exhibits also an even-

ness of excellence. Taking him over ranges of a hundred lines together, in the more humorous or the more satirical flights of his original, we find him equally sure to realize the spirit and sense of the poet, in that happy mean between excess and defect of colloquialism which is the very acme of success in rendering a poet who enunciated the following statement, in the original from which Mr. Conington has neatly rendered it:—

First be it understood, I make no claim
To rank with those who bear a poet's name.
'Tis not enough to turn out lines complete,
Each with the proper quantum of five feet.
Colloquial verse a man may write like me,
But—trust an author—'tis not poetry!
No! Keep that name for genius, for a soul
Of Heaven's own fire, for words that grandly roll
I. iv. 39-42.

Of Professor Conington's *Epistles* and *Ars Poetica* we can but remark that they represent Horace as well as does his version of the *Satires*. In these we have not Mr. Martin yet to compete with him, though it may be allowed us to express the wish that he may yet enjoy years of health and mental vigour to emulate, if not to out-match, the lamented and sorely-missed scholar who barely lived to finish his well-nigh faultless version of Horace. In their diverse ways what both have done in this field is worthier of notice than aught of their contemporaries, and our apology for having done scant justice to their various merits in our necessarily limited space must be, that no review of any future translation of Horace, come it whence it may, can fail to recall the achievements of Professor Conington and Mr. Theodore Martin.

PARAGUAY.*

IT must surely be in irony that Mr. Masterman has adorned the cover of his book with the motto *Paz y Justicia*, seeing that during the seven eventful years which he spent in Paraguay peace was banished from the country and justice never abode in it. The religion of the Paraguayans is Christian only in name, and the principal result of the teaching of the Jesuits has been to make the people of this so-called Republic docile slaves of the tyranny of Lopez. The ignorance of the priests is exhibited in a droll story told by Dr. Stewart, who was present when one of Mrs. Lynch's children was playing with a Noah's ark. The child cried because he could not find the third son of Noah. Mrs. Lynch bade him take better care of the remaining two sons, whereupon the Bishop, who was present, felt himself called upon to correct her Scriptural inaccuracy. "Pardon me, Señora," said he, "there could not have been three, for Noah had only two sons, Cain and Abel." The attempts at civilization which were made before the war broke out were hasty and unsystematic. Lopez was like a child always desiring a new toy, and public buildings and other improvements were begun with vehement ardour and laid aside unfinished. There was among the other institutions of Asunción a Public Library, but nobody was ever known to read there. Lopez, however, found a characteristic use for the books, which were mostly theological. He had them cut up for cases for squibs and rockets. Mr. Masterman says that he saw this fate undergone by a folio Hebrew Bible with an interleaved Latin translation. The civilization of Paraguay, however, has never been neglected by its rulers. Francia, the predecessor of Lopez, made a law that all men should wear a hat of some sort, if it were but a brim, "in order that they might be able to show proper respect to their superiors by taking it off." The inhabitants of Paraguay are either of Spanish blood, pure or mixed, or of pure Indian blood. The former and less numerous division of the population was almost destroyed in the first year of the war. The latter and prevailing element owes such civilization as it possesses to the Jesuits, who collected the Guarani Indians in their missions, and taught them, along with a debased form of Christianity, lessons in obedience to civil rule which have made them cheerfully submit to the tyranny of Lopez, and even shed their blood and suffer all privations to uphold his power. This is Mr. Masterman's explanation of the remarkable phenomenon of a people bravely fighting to uphold a Government which Englishmen must think considerably worse than no Government at all; and we do not know that any other explanation can be offered.

While submitting to the tyranny of Lopez over themselves, the native Paraguayans felt pleasure in being the instruments of his tyranny over the foreigners who unhappily had placed themselves in his power. Mr. Masterman has a right to speak with authority on this point, but we cannot help thinking that he exaggerates the malevolence of those Paraguayans who were the ministers of the cruelty of Lopez towards himself. The mere hardships of imprisonment would be viewed by native eyes as its inevitable incidents. It is not perhaps remembered, in considering such cases as that of Mr. Masterman, that the notion of mitigating or controlling these hardships is almost exclusively of modern European growth. In all ages and countries, until recently, prisoners have been fed on the bread of affliction and the water of affliction as part of the natural and necessary order of things in prisons. The notion that it made a difference whether a prisoner had been convicted or only accused of crime would appear, in all

* *Seven Eventful Years in Paraguay: a Narrative of Personal Experience amongst the Paraguayans.* By George Frederick Masterman, late Assistant-Surgeon, Professor of Materia Medica, Chief Military Apothecary, General Hospital, Asunción, Paraguay; formerly of Medical Staff of Her Majesty's 82nd Regiment. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869. *La Plata, Brazil, and Paraguay, during the Present War.* By Commander A. J. Kennedy, R.N. London: Edward Stanford. 1869.

the world except Europe and North America, absurd even to the prisoner himself. Mr. Masterman and his companions in misfortune were tempted to Paraguay by the promise of profitable employment, and thus they placed themselves within a grasp as ruthless and unrelaxing as that of King Theodore himself. Mr. Gould was sent up the river Paraguay in a British gunboat, as the representative of his country, with instructions to endeavour to obtain the liberation of British subjects detained against their will by Lopez. The tyrant answered that no British subjects were detained against their will by him, but that those who remained in his country did so voluntarily and because they liked it. The unhappy subjects of this discussion were in the position of boys at a Yorkshire school such as that kept by Mr. Squeers, who wrote home to say that they were very happy and very fond of their dear master, and that they hoped they might be allowed to enjoy for another year the inestimable benefit of his instruction. The credibility of Dr. Stewart and Mr. Masterman has been impugned in a recent trial, but Mr. Gould's despatches conveying his impressions of Lopez when he did not feel quite sure whether he was his guest or prisoner are, we think, unquestionable evidence. Mr. Gould visited Lopez at his headquarters at Paso Pucú, in August 1867, nearly a year before the capture of Humaitá. The President assumed towards him "an extremely frank and cordial manner," but informed him that he could not, under the circumstances, possibly dispense with the services of the British subjects in Paraguay, who were all in his employment and bound by contracts. His Excellency dwelt at considerable length on the partiality which he had at all times shown for Englishmen, whom he had exclusively employed. He assured Mr. Gould that none of the Englishmen in his service had the slightest cause of complaint; but, on the contrary, they were one and all perfectly happy and contented. None of them to his knowledge desired to leave the country, and all had engagements which they were fulfilling to his entire satisfaction. Mr. Gould was promised every opportunity of conversing with the few British subjects in his camp, who would fully corroborate all that the President had stated. Dr. Stewart supplies a commentary on this despatch by the statement that Lopez said to him at that time:—"Take care, if I should only know that any Englishman says that he wishes to leave the country." This, again, reminds us of Mr. Squeers's celebrated remark that cheerfulness and contentment must be kept up. The despatch concludes by mentioning that Lopez assured Mr. Gould of his high personal regard—an assurance which strikingly contrasts with warnings which Mr. Gould received, to be most guarded in his intercourse with Lopez.

Another despatch of Mr. Gould contains the following passage:—

Such is the terror inspired by President Lopez that, fearing the information I had might be attributed to the unfortunate British subjects in the camp, I avoided, for their sakes, taking any notice of the case of a young English apothecary, who, for a slight breach of discipline, has been under arrest in the capital for the last nine or ten months.

The young English apothecary was Mr. Masterman, who, after being liberated from the arrest here mentioned, became attached to the United States Legation, and suffered a second and very cruel imprisonment in consequence of his connexion with Mr. Washburn, the representative of the United States in Paraguay. Mr. Masterman was tortured in prison until he confessed that he had participated in a pretended conspiracy of Mr. Washburn against Lopez. He was afterwards brought away from the country in a man-of-war belonging to the United States. His sufferings are fully detailed in his book.

On reviewing the naval operations of the Paraguayan war we notice the difficulty experienced by the Brazilian officers in manœuvring the fine ironclad squadron which they commanded. The ships had been designed by the most eminent naval architects of England and France, according to the latest and most approved models, and neither trouble nor expense was spared in their fitting and armament. Their crews were composed of the picked men of the Brazilian navy, "who had shown," says Commander Kennedy, "on all occasions the most conspicuous gallantry." We are far from questioning the justice of this commendation, but we remark that the gallantry of the Brazilian navy was less conspicuous to those Englishmen who observed its operations from the Paraguayan side. Commander Kennedy goes on to say that, with all these advantages of the Brazilian ironclad ships, a want of confidence in their power was observed, and this he ascribes to the deficiency of practical knowledge which might have developed the capabilities of this new class of vessels of war. "The dash and energy of the Brazilian fleet were paralysed by a want of experience in the powers really inherent in the ships." It is obvious that the qualities which are here described by a friendly critic as paralysed might be considered in a hostile point of view as non-existent. We are assured that the reasons assigned by the Brazilian admiral for not advancing in the early part of the campaign were in no way connected with doubts as to the probability of being able to overpower the fire of the enemy's batteries, but referred to the awkward size of the ships, the imperfections of their steering apparatus, and their draught of water. All these objections may be attributed to want of practice in handling vessels of that description, and to an imperfect knowledge of the variety of new openings they have afforded to naval operations. The Brazilians had some excuse for showing an absence of skill at the beginning of hostilities, for they had not possessed any ironclad navy before the war commenced. But Commander Kennedy asks how many officers

there are in our navy who have had an opportunity of learning how to manage one of the modern ironclads in a narrow river with a strong current running, and to engage an enemy's battery while keeping under weigh in company with several other ships in close proximity. Few officers have been able to study that class of evolutions, for our naval tactics appear to have been arranged for the requirements of ocean warfare, to the exclusion of the exigencies of rivers and close harbours, where a captain would be called upon to run his ship into a position only to be maintained by great skill and special knowledge of her management in a confined space. These observations of Commander Kennedy tend to correct a hasty assumption of some Continental writers that modern changes in naval architecture have superseded naval skill. The truth is that the new ships are far more capable than the old, but only when they are placed in the old hands. Without any disrespect to the Brazilian sailors, we may say that their conduct in this war shows that it is incomparably easier to many nations to build or buy ships of war than to fight them. But there were lying in those waters ships of this country and of the United States whose crews would have intuitively discerned what the Brazilians learned only by a tedious and costly process. On the side of the Paraguayans also it appeared that modern science was ineffective for want of the old-fashioned dexterity which belongs to sailors worthy of the name. We are assured that, although a large number of torpedoes were employed by the Paraguayans against the Brazilian ships, only one was successfully exploded. The Brazilian admiral, who had examined many contrivances for acting against torpedoes, arrived at the sensible conclusion that none was likely to be so effective as the simple one of a boat with an intelligent crew. Here again we see that naval skill still has its value; but it is necessary that that skill should be developed by training, for otherwise our officers may meet with a fate like that of a Brazilian lieutenant who, with a boat's crew, was blown to atoms in grappling a torpedo. We may be sure, however, that the sailors of Nelson or Cochrane could have picked up a torpedo, and we will hope that the British sailors of our own age have not degenerated. The Paraguayans made vigorous attempts to carry the Brazilian ironclads by boarding, and repeatedly gained a footing on their decks, but were driven off by fire from the turrets or box-batteries in which the crews were sheltered. It is to be observed that Commander Kennedy's visit to the scene of hostilities was made in the first year of the war, and although we think his observations on the conduct of the war are valuable, it must be remembered that they are derived in only a slight degree from personal experience.

It is also to be observed that, from the careless manner in which this book is written, it is very difficult to distinguish that which the author professes to have seen from that which he has only heard or read. We know that the gunboat *Spider* did not ascend higher than Corrientes, which is below the junction of the rivers Paraná and Paraguay, but nevertheless we find a passage which seems to describe a journey by her commander on land to Asunción two months after she had gone down the river to Monte Video. But we conjecture that this passage has been taken bodily from an earlier writer, and that "I" stands, not for Kennedy, but for Robertson. We have seen in our time a good deal of book-making, but this strikes us as a novelty in the art.

PLACES AND PEOPLE.*

THERE is a famous Bohemian phrase which is perpetually being thrown in the teeth of Czechs who deny that their language is cacophonous. It is as follows:—"Strcz prst skrz krk," and it certainly does not look well on paper. Bohemian writers declare, however, that it is no worse than "Chichester Church" in English, and pretend that the very titles of our books constantly grate upon their ears. What would they say to "Parkinson's Places and People"? Apt alliteration is all very well, but such an expedient as that adopted by old John Heywood, when he gave his "very merry interlude" the title of "The Four P's," would have been preferable in such a case as this. It is true that there are many persons who think lightly of names and of the effect they produce upon their bearers, for the most part relying upon the so-often misapplied quotation about the rose smelling as sweet under one name as another. But there are other, and perhaps acuter, observers of human nature, who are of a different opinion, having remarked that great men seldom bear little names, especially great poets—the Shakespeares, Miltons, Chaucers, Spensers, and the like having made themselves world-renowned, while the Pyses, Sprats, and Tates have not. The rule must evidently not be pushed too far, but there seems to be something in it. We fancy that the names of Tennyson and Tupper would convey some idea of the respective merits of those poets to any one possessing a musical ear, even if he had never read a single line of what they had written.

The contents of Mr. Parkinson's book are better than its title. They yield a large amount of varied information, and it is conveyed for the most part in a pleasant manner. Mr. Parkinson has been in all kinds of strange places, and has rubbed elbows with many very strange specimens of humanity, and he now relates some of his experiences with a good deal of humour and a great deal of good feeling. Much may be learnt from his book, and the process of learning it is by no means unpleasant. One of the best of the essays is that called "Lazarus, Lotus-Eating," which

* *Places and People; being Studies from the Life.* By J. C. Parkinson, Author of "Under Government," &c. &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

describes a visit to the little known opium-smoking house in Bluegate Fields, kept by an old Chinaman who passes his life in a semi-comatose state, and frequented by natives of every quarter of the globe, who come thither to smoke themselves into dreamy stupefaction. The room in which they meet is "a sorry little apartment, which is almost filled by the French bedstead, on which half a dozen coloured men are coiled longwise across its breadth, and in the centre of which is a common japan tray and opium lamp." The opium is contained in a tumbler, which looks as if it were half full of treacle, and when it is wanted it is taken up with a pin, rolled into the shape of a pea, put into a pipe with a small bowl and a long stem, and smoked with ecstasy. Opium-smoking is generally supposed to be a somewhat unhealthy practice, but Yahee, the keeper of the establishment, seems to thrive upon it. It is true that "his sunken eyes, fallen cheeks, cadaverous parchment-like skin, and deathly whiteness, make him resemble a hideous and long-forgotten mummy," but his physical strength, we are told, is unimpaired, and his mental powers remain the wonder of Bluegate Fields, although, as Mr. Parkinson remarks with justice,

To lie on your back and smoke opium with your eyes shut until after midnight, and then to commence fantastic anecdotes and still more fantastic songs, the offspring of your morbidly-excited brain; to continue these songs and stories until morning, and then to go out marketing for bits of fish and rice—seems a trying mode of life for an octogenarian.

Perhaps Yahee may be sustained by the proud consciousness that his dingy dwelling is a home dear to the hearts of those of his countrymen who may be found any day, "dazed and dreary, ragged, wan and wretched, in one or other of our West-end streets," obsequiously offering to supply the passers-by with tracts, but who at night find in Yahee's stifling little room such delights as compensate for the pains and penalties of their everyday life. For the small sum of fourpence they can not only purchase such sleep as that which was sold in the shape of pink jelly on the distant island mentioned in *Redmah*, but they can ensure that in that sleep such dreams shall come as will take their slumbering souls and lap them in Elysium.

The article on "False Hair" contains a considerable amount of information which will probably be of interest to many readers. It appears that the price of false hair "has gone up 400 per cent. within the last few years," and that the amount now used is four times as great as it then was, so that "sixteen times as much money is spent upon this article of adornment in the present year as was devoted to it in 1857." Mr. Parkinson visited one of the large warehouses devoted to it, in which "huge canvas sacks, each weighing 150 lbs., and containing about six hundred heads of hair, were standing unpacked," and he informs us that the contents of each sack gave out "a close and fusty smell, suggesting some furrier's establishment where none but coarse and common furs are sold." It seems that grey or white hair is the most valuable, and that "false hair which is long as well as grey commands the highest price," being worth as much as two guineas an ounce; whereas "the very best black or brown is priced at from eighteen shillings to a guinea, and the best flaxen at about a guinea and a half." We are glad to hear that no hairdresser who respects himself will purchase hair which has been cut from the head of a corpse, there being "a certain deadness and harshness, which an experienced hand recognises immediately," about all tresses which have not been taken from a living subject. On the question of dyeing Mr. Parkinson has a good deal to say, much of which will be new to most of his readers—as, for instance, the statement that male wigs have gone out of fashion because, "where men used to shave the head and wear a wig when they were turning grey, they now dye their hair; and where they are bald they grow a beard, and, if necessary, dye it"; the process through which they have to go being very different from that which was in vogue in the days of old, when a man had to sit in seclusion, with his head covered with lime-powder and cabbage leaves, till his hair changed from grey to black, or sometimes, as happened in the case of Mr. Titmouse, to blue.

Many of Mr. Parkinson's studies have been made in the poorest districts of London, in quarters where misery is what so many writers will insist upon calling "chronic;" and, as a general rule, we regard the pictures which literary artists produce of those neighbourhoods with considerable distrust. A ready writer who knows nothing whatever about the life really led by the dwellers in some fusty court, or the circumstances which affect it, but who is attracted thither by the fact of its having been the scene of one of those little social convulsions which every now and then prove to society what dangerous elements are warring underneath the thin crust of its respectability, spends a quarter of an hour in conversation with half a dozen of its inhabitants, and then goes home and pens such a description of the place and its denizens as no one who knows them well is likely to recognise. A lively sensation is produced, subscriptions come tumbling in, the lodgers in the court get drunk an hour earlier than usual, and the neighbouring publicans do an extra stroke of business. But Mr. Parkinson's sketches of London poverty are of a different nature. He has evidently studied the subject with conscientious care, and what he says is worthy of being listened to. Above all, it is free from that florid sentimentality which thrives with such luxuriance in various magazines of a religiously illustrated character. Take, for instance, the essay styled "Lucifer-box Making," which describes the kind of work to which a great number of children owe their daily bread in Bethnal Green. It would have been possible to write a most harrowing ac-

count of the manner in which these young barbarians are condemned to live in a foul atmosphere, to spend their days and nights in making match-boxes at threepence a gross, and to grow up as little heathens, prepared by the sulphurous air they breathe to develop into fiends of the most malignant species. But Mr. Parkinson, who made acquaintance with them at home, takes a cheerful view of their position and prospects, and after giving an interesting account of the manner in which the boxes are made, and the present state of the trade, ends up by saying:—

Not the least suggestive part of what we saw was the wholesome and positively jolly look of many of the boys and girls. There was, as we have endeavoured to show, abundant evidence of sickness and sorrow; there were plenty of wan faces and stunted forms; but there were also many rosy-checked lads and lasses, who were chirruping over their toil as merrily and as heartily as any ploughboy whistling for want of thought. . . . That children should never see green fields or flowers, should never have a toy, never enjoy the innocent amusements appropriate to their age, is sad enough. Human nature, however, is so constituted that harmless fun and healthy laughter may be extracted from the most barren materials; and among the under-fed, over-worked, ill-clad women and children we visited, were as bright eyes and as ready smiles, and at least as much honest, hearty, cheerful, helpful contentment, as are found among their brothers and sisters who have not learnt sympathy through suffering, and to whom hunger and destitution have been things to read about, not taste.

Among the most amusing of the sketches contained in this volume are those devoted to the sporting world. That entitled "Against the Grain," for instance, gives a very graphic account of a visit to the haunt frequented by the low betting-men who had been turned out of their former place of business in "The Ruins." The best perhaps is that styled "Genii of the Ring," in which are described with real humour the various visitors who successively honoured with their presence the editor's room in the office of *The Sleepless Life* the day after a great fight had taken place. It is pleasant to know that the office is distinguished for "its air of placid respectability and genteel quiet"; but it seems that the editor prides himself on having a particular corner in his private room in which, "by placing your back firmly against the wall and seizing the poker, you may, always supposing you are a good hand at singletick, protect yourself effectually against violence." Another essay, and one which well deserves attention, gives an account of "Aristocratic Pigeon-Shooting" in the grounds of "The New Red House and River-side Club." Mr. Parkinson draws a very pretty picture of the pleasant park as it appeared on the day of his visit, with its background of noble trees, and in front the long lines of ladies who had come there to see pigeons put to death. The sport, it seems, was excellent. "It was capital fun for everybody but the pigeons. The fair young girls and aristocratic matrons watched it eagerly," and were able to obtain diversion even from such incidents as the following:—

Once a pigeon which had been hit, but not killed, sought shelter in the spreading branches of one of the trees under the shade of which the ladies sat. It was badly wounded, and gave a piteous little cry as it alighted. A few seconds' suspense, during which the backers of gun or bird anxiously looked upwards while making and taking fresh bets as to whether it would die; and their suspense was ended by a mangled mass of palpitating flesh and warm blood and feathers falling plump into a lady's lap, to the infinite detriment of the pale and delicate dress she wore.

The incident, we are told, evoked much laughter from both the ladies and gentlemen present.

A VISIT TO QUEENSLAND.*

QUEENSLAND, the latest born of our colonial dependencies, has shown a rate of material progress unparalleled by even the most flourishing of our earlier settlements. It is barely ten years since this province was erected into a separate State, with Sir George F. Bowen for its first Governor. The first Parliament was called in May, 1860, when the Constitution was promulgated under which, independent of the neighbouring and parent settlements, its rapid development has taken place. At the time of its separation from New South Wales, Queensland contained a population of about 25,000 souls. At the present moment there are, it is computed, more than 100,000 white inhabitants in the colony. The agricultural resources of the country have been hitherto but very slightly developed. A far wider and more thorough clearance of the "scrub" or undergrowth must be effected ere the cereal wealth of the soil makes any adequate approach to that of a pastoral or mineral kind. But there can be no doubt that among the vast and virgin plains, and on many portions of the slopes of the great dividing range of hills, as on the Darling Downs for example, land is to be found in abundance of the highest class for all purposes of agriculture. It is as a pastoral country that Queensland has risen to its present pitch of progress. At the end of 1868 there were calculated to be in the colony upwards of 10,000,000 sheep and 1,000,000 horned cattle.

The discovery of the mineral wealth of Queensland is now only commencing. The trade in wool has to some extent suffered from the glut which has prevailed of late in the European markets; but other outlets will doubtless be found for the expansion of the colonial produce. The credit of the settlement has had a rapid yet steady rise in the money-market at home. Its national debt, already showing the respectable figure of three millions, stands now at something near 11 per cent. an advance of nearly twenty per cent. upon the price of five or six years ago. It seems almost certain that the whole country is more or less auriferous, and it is doubtful whether Victoria has anywhere to display gold-

* *A Visit to Queensland and Her Goldfields.* By Chas. H. Allen, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman & Hall. 1870.

bearing reefs so rich as those which have been lately found at Gympie Creek. With an area ten times as large as England and Wales, a climate in most respects second to none under the sun, and a soil of varied and undeveloped richness, there can be no doubt that Queensland is destined to hold a very high place among the members of our colonial empire.

In his slight, but clever and agreeable, little volume Mr. C. H. Allen has given us the results of a sojourn of some months during last year in Queensland and the adjacent settlements. His description, which is carefully limited to what he personally saw and experienced, supplies particulars of much interest and value both of the existing state and future prospects of the colony. He is evidently a keen and thoughtful observer, and he writes in a style clear, sensible, and full of point. The ordinary voyage overland, diversified by the perilous mishap of the *Swat's* running on shore eighty miles from Suez, brought the writer to King George's Sound, where the profusion and beauty of the wild-flowers agreeably relieved the shock which the first view of the hideous aborigines inflicted upon the traveller's eye. The range of hills by which the poor little town of Albany is girt about struck him as one of the most splendid botanical spots he had ever seen. Almost every variety was different from those in England. Scarcely stopping at Melbourne, the steamer ran on to Sydney—the queen of the Antipodes for situation and natural loveliness, but ill laid out and spoiled in effect by narrow and crooked streets. Among the most recent and prolific sources of wealth in the neighbourhood are the Kerosene mines of Hartley, the discovery of which has gone far to supersede the use of ordinary coal-gas, and which is calculated to serve most of the purposes of petroleum. Common coal of fair quality is also found on the Hartley Company's property. The high price of labour forms the great impediment in the way of these and similar sources of production. A vast incentive on the other hand is being developed in the rapid extension of the railway system, which promises ere long to link in one unbroken chain the great capital of New South Wales, Queensland, and Victoria.

People who believe that there are no rivers in Australia will be surprised, as Mr. Allen was, to find that there are in Queensland two or three very considerable rivers, all as broad as the Thames, and much longer, though probably not so deep, navigable for a long distance by flat-bottomed steamers. Fifteen miles from Moreton Bay, up the Brisbane river, stands the capital which gives that stream its name, at an elevation of seventy feet above the sea. Very large steamers of light draught ascend the river, or rather a tributary of the river, called the Bremer, as far as Ipswich, fifty miles above Brisbane. Along the banks on either side the traveller's eye falls on rich fields of maize, white with cockatoos, who rise at the steamer's approach in noisy flocks like crows. There are crows, too, in plenty in Queensland, who do not however caw in the same fashion as our English rooks, but cry out in harsh tones the German "ach." Eighty miles from Ipswich the town of Toowoomba stands on the summit of the range of hills that forms the dividing backbone of the district, beyond which stretch the Darling Downs. The railway is now open for fifty miles further to Dalby, where it for the present ceases. The flat country thereabouts is not so cultivated or so thickly populated as New South Wales. It consists, for the most part, of what is termed "rolling bush," or undulating land thickly set with gum-trees of different kinds, the grass growing thickly up to their stems, for these trees do not throw sufficient shade to destroy the undergrowth as in England. Some of the creeks and gullies, where the flood waters from the hills pour down in heavy torrents after a storm, are richly and beautifully wooded. The thick broad leaves of the Leichhardt and other noble trees form a shade equal to that of our own forests, but these are sought in vain in the bush. To an Englishman nothing can be more dreary, as described by Mr. Allen, than the bush scenery of Australia. The tall, lank, blue and other gum trees, with their crowns of long, pendulous, narrow leaves, afford scarcely any shade from the rays of the almost vertical sun of Queensland, whilst the interminable vista of smooth white stems, producing an impression of intense solitariness, shuts out all other prospect but themselves, making the track a matter of hopeless bewilderment to all but the instinct of the experienced bushman. It is here, in the bush, that the vast herds of sheep and cattle feed on the plenteous grass. Where the dense undergrowth called "scrub" prevails, the soil is richer, but this advantage is counterbalanced by the difficulty and expense of clearing. In some parts of Queensland is found the curious "bottle tree," figured by Mr. Allen. This is exactly the shape of a hock bottle, from forty to fifty feet high, with no branches from the smooth bulbous stem, but with crooked boughs and a crown of small foliage, not unlike that of a pine-apple, at the top. The singular protuberance of the trunk is doubtless due to the collection of vegetable juices and water, for which the natives are wont to tap it. The wood is soft and useless.

A concise summary is given by Mr. Allen of the comprehensive and liberal law enacted by the Queensland Parliament, the working of which he describes as excellent. It is framed in the most liberal spirit, with a view to attract to the colony the small capitalist and farmer, as well as to induce those of larger means to settle in a country where the tenure of land opens every facility for the development and improvement of property. The leading clauses of the new Act, which contains many principles entirely novel in legislation, are given in the appendix, and an epitome of its provisions is furnished by Mr. Allen from a pamphlet issued under the authority of the local government. The great

reason why so much of the land throughout Australia remains almost in the state in which nature left it, is stated by the best authorities to be the vague, insecure tenure by which the lands are held, none of the lessees venturing to risk improvements while subject to the contingency of ejection. Another evil result from the same cause has been the scattering of the population over so large an area, instead of concentrating it by enabling the land to be held in smaller portions, and on more advantageous terms. The progress of education was thus seriously interfered with, while the social habits of the population were in manifold other ways injuriously affected. By the new Act the territory has been divided into the "settled" and the "unsettled" districts, the former class of which are chiefly affected by the measure. The settled districts comprise about 51,000,000 acres, including some of the most valuable lands of the colony. The greater part of these lands have been let in "runs" for pastoral purposes. These runs it is now intended to resume at the expiration of twelve months, with the option, however, to the tenant of a lease for ten years of half his run, and a license for the half resumed, which will be eventually opened to public selection in the manner prescribed in the Act:—

The lands open for selection will therefore be:—

Firstly. All Crown lands in the settled districts not under lease or license. Secondly. The lands on the resumed halves of "runs," inclusive of the railway reserves, which extend three miles on each side of the railway lines throughout their entire length.

Thirdly. The lands in large township reserves, not less than two miles in a direct line from the nearest town lot offered for sale.

These lands constitute the area available for selection under the Act, an area which in the gross is twice as large as Ireland. The areas allowed to be selected by any one person, and the rates of purchase-money per acre, spread over a period of ten years, are as follows:—

Agricultural land, not less than 40 nor more than 640 acres, at 15s. per acre, or an annual rent of 1s. 6d. per acre. First-class pastoral land, not less than 80 nor more than 2,560, at 10s. per acre, or an annual rent of 1s. per acre. Second-class pastoral land, not less than 80 nor more than 7,680, at 5s. per acre, or an annual rent of 6d. per acre.

Strict regulations as to fencing and other improvements are laid down. On complying with these terms, the squatter becomes the absolute proprietor at the termination of his lease. Under the "Homestead Clause," derived in part from America, a man may enter upon 80 acres of agricultural, or 160 acres of pastoral land, paying annually for five years ninepence an acre for the former and sixpence for the latter. Residence during the five years is required. Also one-tenth of the land at least must be cultivated, or the whole securely fenced. On proof to the Commissioner of these conditions being fulfilled, a Crown grant is issued to the lessee, who thus obtains a free homestead at the price of 3s. 9d. per acre for agricultural, or 2s. 6d. per acre for pastoral land. A steady man with but little capital may become at this low rate an independent farmer or grazier, with no rates to pay, no taxes beyond those upon the goods he buys, a climate unsurpassed in the world, barring an occasional drought, tropical fruits in great variety growing around his door, and meat from a penny to twopence a pound.

The electric telegraph is widely in use throughout Australia. Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide are all united by the wires which penetrate into the remotest corners of Queensland. Mr. Allen was shortly after his arrival, in one of the northern towns, in October, 1867, when the news was flashed of the discovery of gold at Gympie Creek. No map could then be found to indicate the whereabouts of this obscure spot, where a very few months later our author found two large towns already established, with a busy population of 7,000 souls. His pages afford a lively picture of life both at these diggings and those of Rockhampton, Gladstone, and elsewhere, which promise to Queensland a rank second to none among gold-bearing countries. One nugget has been turned up of the net value of 4,000*l.*, and the proportion of gold in the quartz reefs, as well as in the "wash dirt," is surpassed in no other region. Silver and lead ore are also reported, and the virgin copper is said in parts of Carpentaria to rise up in solid walls, "which require to be cut away piecemeal." Near Maryborough is Messrs. Tooth's famous boiling-down establishment for the manufacture of Liebig's extract of meat. A hundred men are employed in the slaughter of 1,400 or 1,500 head of cattle a month. The main part of the process is kept a secret from visitors. Many particulars are given by Mr. Allen of the various modes of preparing meat for the European market at Sydney, Melbourne, and elsewhere. This subject has a special interest of its own just now, when such hopes are entertained of utilizing at home the surplus animal wealth of our dependencies. Altogether, Mr. Allen has earned the thanks of the public by the variety and abundance of information which he has compressed into his little work.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

SCIENCE, it is said, has no enemy except Ignorance. It might be going too far to predicate the same of Peace, but it is at all events certain that there is no more fruitful source of national misunderstandings than national prejudices, that prejudice is invariably the result of imperfect information, and that to banish ignorance is in general to banish ill-will. England, exposed by the peculiarities of her institutions to misrepresentation, has suffered more from this cause than any other. She therefore owes an especial debt of gratitude to those eminent foreigners who have of late years repaid her hospitality by diffusing among their country-

men more exact information and more liberal conceptions respecting her. The names of M. Louis Blanc and M. Alphonse Esquiros will readily occur in this category, and we have now to add that of Dr. Friedrich Althaus*, who has acknowledged, by reprinting them under his name, the excellent series of articles on English affairs which we have frequently admired in the pages of *Unsere Zeit*. Few foreign residents in this country are better entitled, from their position and opportunities, to interpret the feelings of the most cultivated classes of the English people. To the mental habits of a trained thinker, and the patient investigation proper to German scholarship, he adds the refined style of an accomplished man of letters, and the result is a work as well calculated to diffuse sound ideas on English subjects as any we can hope to see. The most important essays are those treating of political subjects, especially of eminent English statesmen and thinkers. Palmerston, Cobden, Disraeli, Mill, Carlyle, are criticized in turn, and each in a candid and appreciative spirit. It is of course needless to observe that the judgments of a writer keenly interested in politics must imbibe the tinge of his peculiar preferences. Cobden and Mill enlist his warmest sympathies. At the same time Dr. Althaus is no extreme politician, and renders full justice to the conservative element in Mr. Mill's philosophy. Lord Palmerston scarcely receives his due meed of appreciation, although the circumstances which render him unpopular with Continental Liberals are the reverse of what they were formerly. Mr. Disraeli is not unjustly characterized as "an anomaly," to which his friends might reply in the words of the M.P. to Mr. Matthew Arnold:—"That a thing should be an anomaly is absolutely no objection to it whatever." The essay on Mr. Carlyle is very just and fine. The second volume is devoted to lighter subjects, among which we may particularly mention a most entertaining paper on "English Misers," and a remarkably full and accurate history of English sports.

Th. Fontane's history of the war of 1866†, so far as it related to Germany, is without doubt the most comprehensive that has yet appeared. It is a model history for the million, both as regards the tone of the narrative, which is flattering to national pride without exaggerated partiality, and the splendour of its external adornment. More beautiful woodcuts have rarely issued from the German press. They occur in profusion. Some views of places are real helps to the comprehension of the text; the delineations of military operations, if not strictly authentic, are at all events very attractive, and plentifully interspersed with guardian angels, sphinxes, and escutcheons *ad captandum*. The work will serve excellently for the drawing-room, and may even maintain a temporary place in the library.

The chronicler of contemporary transactions must feel oppressed by the multiplicity of his materials; the historian of antiquity must complain of their scantiness. The history of ancient Sicily would hardly have reached the dimensions it has attained under the genial treatment of Adolf Holm, but for his happy idea of making his work rather a history of culture than of public affairs. It is indeed chiefly in the former respect that Hellenic Sicily interests us, and her political revolutions have already been adequately described by the historians of Greece. Herr Holm has found a useful and congenial task in tracing the history of Sicilian intellect and art, whether, like the philosophy of Empedocles and the comedy of Epicarmus, indigenous to the island, or allured thither in the persons of Pindar and Simonides by the munificence of the Sicilian princes. A connecting thread of narrative unites the chapters of criticism, and the work is introduced by a full discussion of the geography and mythological traditions of the island, and of the very interesting but obscure subject of its aboriginal inhabitants and Phœnician and other Oriental visitors.

While ancient Sicily is thus investigated by scholars, modern Sicily profits by the visit of an intelligent traveller‡, whose work, copiously illustrated by full-page wood-engravings, rather hard in point of execution, well deserves the notice of intending visitors. Herr von Hoffweiller possesses an active imagination, and a mind stored with historical and antiquarian knowledge. A writer thus gifted cannot fail of writing well on a subject of such varied picturesqueness, such intimate associations with the most interesting races—Greek, Roman, Saracen, and Norman—and with the beauties and marvels of nature which survive when Greek, Roman, Saracen, and Norman have passed away.

The journey of J. G. von Hahn§ from Belgrade to Salonica was performed in 1858. The traveller is Austrian Consul for Eastern Greece; his principal object was to examine the route with reference to a projected railway through European Turkey, which he regards as a necessity for the development of Austrian commerce. The style of the book is rather dry, but it is full of the most minute information on all conceivable particulars concerning the interesting and little-known region of which it treats. Topography has naturally received a large share of the author's atten-

tion, and he has corrected several errors of the most recent geographical authorities. The work is accompanied by two elaborate maps, and by several excursions on passages in classical authors.

We are not aware whether there is any authority for identifying Dr. Rosenkranz* with the celebrated disciple of Hegel who alone among mankind understood his master, but who at the same time understood him wrong. The notion would almost seem to be warranted by his lucid and entertaining work on the Hegelian philosophy. There can be no doubt of his own perfect comprehension of the subject, as he understands it, or of his ability to render it comprehensible by ordinary readers. The very smoothness and perspicuity of his treatment, however, are calculated to engender suspicion. Is "the secret of Hegel" really so communicable? However this may be, Dr. Rosenkranz's readers will find a number of pregnant ideas, with many of which they have probably become acquainted through other media, explained in a terse and attractive style, and rightly or wrongly referred to Hegel. There is also an excellent biography of the philosopher, and his principal works are fully and lucidly analysed. There can be no dispute as to the agreeable and instructive character of the work, although we are quite prepared to find more abstruse metaphysicians than Dr. Rosenkranz questioning his title to teach esoterically on the subject.

To name the younger Bunsen† is to convey a tolerably accurate idea of the character, if not of the contents, of any work by him upon the history of religion. The particular paradox maintained in his present publication is the mixed character of the Semitic race, which is held to have originated from a fusion of the sons of Japhet with the sons of Ham. The higher class, including the priesthood, belonged to the former race, the lower to the latter. The struggle between these repugnant elements is the key to the peculiarities of Hebrew history. The Captivity determined it in favour of the Japhetic element, owing to the reinforcement of the latter by the allied Chaldees, whom Mr. Bunsen seriously identifies with the Celts. Thence originated that secret deposit of hieratic wisdom presented by the Scriptures in a form suitable to the understanding of the multitude, but possessed in its fulness by the initiated alone. As a poetical conception, Mr. Bunsen's theory is not devoid of attractions. It may not be irrational to hope, it certainly is agreeable to believe, that his persevering diligence has been occasionally rewarded by the discovery of prosaic, humble, actual truth.

A biography of St. Paul by Max Krenkel‡ deserves high commendation as a terse and animated narrative, masculine in style, unconventional in treatment, and condensed without the loss of anything of importance. It is a book full of human interest; the author's conception of St. Paul as a person is remarkably vivid. His critical point of view is too much that of the Tübingen school. He greatly underrates the value of the book of Acts, and is prone to strain unduly St. Paul's own words in his laudable anxiety to obtain his personal testimony to the incidents of his career. There are also amusing instances of the facility with which ingenious conjectures gradually come to be recognised as indisputable facts. All these defects, however, are much overbalanced by the substantial merits of the book.

The interesting department of inquiry upon which Professor Hilgenfeld§ has entered is thus briefly described by himself:—"Messiam Judeorum libris eorum paulo ante vel paulo post Christum natum conscriptis illustrare conatus sum." The works comprised in the present volume are the Psalms of Solomon, Esdras, and the Assumption of Moses, with a learned preface, in which the dates of these writings are fully discussed.

A comparison of Roskoff's "History of the Devil"¶ with Defoe's would afford an instructive criterion of the progress of the world since the days of the latter writer. It belongs to the same class of literature as the writings of Mr. Buckle and Mr. Lecky, and might almost pass as an enlarged chapter from one of their works. As in these, an immense mass of information, collected from a variety of sources, is so ably digested, that the sense of the author's erudition never becomes oppressive. The subject, indeed, is dreary and monotonous, but the pains bestowed upon it have by no means been thrown away. We can hardly conceive a more effectual corrective of any sentimental hankering after the ideas of the middle ages than the perusal of this authentic and impartial account of the frightful mischief and misery occasioned by them. This department of the subject is by far the most extensive, but the demonolatry of savage nations is not omitted from the writer's plan, and his information respecting it is ample. The most satisfactory of his chapters on the history of the Devil is, however, the last, recording the story of his decline and fall.

Professor Kampschulte's biography of Calvin¶ promises to prove a work of great merit and value, and not the less so because

* *Hegel als Deutscher Nationalphilosoph*. Von Dr. K. Rosenkranz. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

† *Die Einheit der Religionen im Zusammenhange mit den Völkerwanderungen der Urzeit und der Geheimehre*. Von Ernst von Bunsen. Bd. I. Berlin: Mitscher & Röstel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Paulus, der Apostel der Heiden*. Von Max Krenkel. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

§ *Messias Judeorum*. Edidit A. Hilgenfeld. Lipsiæ: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Geschichte des Teufels*. Von Gustav Roskoff. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Johann Calvin, seine Kirche und sein Staat in Genf*. Von F. W. Kampschulte. Bd. I. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Englische Charakterbilder*. Von F. Althaus. 2 Bde. Berlin: Decker. London: Nutt.

† *Der deutsche Krieg von 1866*. Von Th. Fontane. Bd. I. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Geschichte Siciliens im Alterthum*. Von Ad. Holm. Bd. I. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Sicilien. Schilderungen aus Gegenwart und Vergangenheit*. Von G. F. von Hoffweiller. Mit 36 Originalzeichnungen von A. Metzner. Leipzig: Dürr. London: Nutt.

¶ *Reise von Belgrad nach Salonik*. Von J. G. von Hahn. Wien: Tendler & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

its scope is somewhat different from that of ordinary biographies. The writer is apparently less concerned with Calvin as a theologian than as a statesman, as he appears in the remarkable fabric of Geneva polity reared by him, and in his visions of an ultimate theocracy. This first volume is therefore rather a history of Geneva than of Calvin, the first half being occupied with a detail of the circumstances which preceded his appearance there, and occasioned the peculiar line of action followed by him. The second volume will be mainly biographical, and the third will be an essay on the influence of Geneva as one of the great world-centres of opinion and civilization. The political side of Calvin's character having been much neglected in comparison with the theological, Professor Kampschulte has lighted upon a fruitful theme, and one which he appears qualified to treat with great advantage. His work is extremely interesting, and is characterized by clearness, fulness, and impartiality. We must also note the conclusion of Moriköfer's excellent *Life of Zwingli**, the first volume of which has been noticed upon a former occasion.

If, as we are now admonished, there is always one, and only one, infallible person in the world, it becomes a matter of considerable interest to ascertain in whom this invaluable attribute may have resided at any given historical period. Professor Lipsius†, an acknowledged master in the science of chronology, has come forward to help the Roman authorities to gratify this legitimate curiosity. He has been at infinite pains in collecting and sifting the ancient catalogues of Popes, in arranging them into classes, and reducing them into harmony with each other. This is all as it should be, but unfortunately his results will be very unpalatable to the Court of Rome; all the more so from his dispassionate tone and evident superiority to theological bias. He confidently pronounces that St. Peter never was at Rome, and that the legend of his visit is devoid of any support from the consensus of respectable traditions. The chronology of his five immediate successors is utterly untrustworthy; nor, in fact, were they Bishops at all, but merely influential Presbyters. The first Bishop of Rome, and he in all probability only *præsumptus inter pares*, was Xystus, about A.D. 125. It must be very distressing to the Pope to find his spiritual family-tree thus rudely cut up by the roots. Anathema is the natural resource of outraged ecclesiastical dignity, and we expect to see Lipsius's learned labours in the Index at an early date. There is probably no recent work which the Pope will be more emphatic in denouncing as mendacious, temerarious, and scandalous.

The ruffled feelings of the Roman authorities may possibly be soothed by the long list of converts given in the seventh volume of Bishop Rüss's‡ comprehensive work, and in the third volume of a similar book by D. A. Rosenthal.§ It must be said in fairness, however, that these great lists exhibit very little names. The modern converts are even more obscure than the ancient Popes. Herr Rosenthal, for example, has ransacked the United States with no more illustrious results than the erratic Brownson and Thaddeus Stevens, who figures among the converts on the strength of his baptism within five minutes of his decease. Of another neophyte, a quondam confederate of the Davenport brothers, he observes with much simplicity, following Brownson:—"He is a clever fellow, and it is not our business to cast doubts on the sincerity of his conversion, so long as our bishops do not set the example." The insignificance of his list is a frailty inherent and irremediable, but it is really unfortunate that he had not some English-speaking friend at his elbow to clear it of such names as "Weekawken, preacher"; "Bodfish, preacher"; and the "Rev. Dr. Horace Virgil Barber."

Dr. Nippold, in his "Roads to Rome,"|| considers the question of conversion to the Roman Church from a different point of view. He seems to regard the movement, in Germany at least, as principally due to the Protestant reaction in favour of Lutheran orthodoxy, which, according to him, terminated about the year 1859. It is observable, however, that if the position of the high Lutheran clergy is really untenable, they have not in general recognised the fact. Nothing more curiously discriminates the Romanizing movement in Germany from that in England than its uneclesiastical character. The more prominent converts have almost invariably been artists or men of letters, and the determining motives rather æsthetic than theological. Dr. Nippold is largely indebted to Rosenthal for his facts, but his work is more agreeable reading from its exemption from the strain of fulsome panegyric hardly to be avoided by a Catholic writer under the circumstances.

A biography of the brothers Senckenberg¶ of Frankfort is a very entertaining work, less on account of the interest attaching to the persons delineated than from the light incidentally thrown on German manners and customs in the last century. The three brothers,

however, were all remarkable men. The eldest was an eminent jurist; the second a physician distinguished by eccentricity and benevolence, who left an undying memorial of himself in the munificent charitable foundations he bequeathed to his native city, Frankfort. The third brother, although possessed of considerable abilities, appears to have been made up of irregular propensities and disagreeable qualities. He was an advocate, a member of the governing body of Frankfort, and at perpetual feud with his colleagues. At last he quarrelled himself into prison, where, the cumbrous machine of antiquated German law being incapable of procuring either his acquittal or his condemnation, he spent the last twenty years of his life. The situation is at once very tragical and very comical. Professor Kriejk has been most fortunate in the execution of his design, in which he has been materially assisted by the diary of the second Senckenberg, who seems to have reserved his benevolence for his donations, and to have been restrained by no considerations of charity from the freest expression of his sentiments respecting his contemporaries. An appendix contains some very interesting particulars respecting the inhabitants of Frankfort connected by relationship or acquaintance with Goethe.

Some notes on the biography of Rückert* are interesting so far as they illustrate passages in his works, but their value is not great, and they are very badly arranged. A critical biography of Richard Wagner†, on the other hand, is worthy of Herr Nohl's reputation as far as it goes, but its scope is unfortunately limited by the conditions of its composition, it having been delivered as a lecture. Wagner's biography is slurred over to make room for æsthetic criticism on his music, which is unintelligible to the uninitiated in the absence of instrumentation. The author should have dwelt more fully on Wagner's merits as a poet and dramatist, which, although of a high order, have attracted comparatively little attention. The libretto of an opera is so associated with absurdity and imbecility that it is difficult to get people to consider it seriously. Wagner has shown that it may be a work of consummate art, independently of the merits of the musical accompaniment.

Dr. Göll's work on the learning of the ancients‡ is too superficial to be a very favourable sample of the learning of the moderns; it is a mere compilation for popular use, and the illustrations are shocking to a severe taste. It may, however, answer its purpose sufficiently well, and the writer is certainly entitled to credit for having omitted nothing that could be reasonably looked for in such a work. Each individual portion of the subject may be more ably treated elsewhere, but so encyclopædic a method of treatment as Dr. Göll's is not usually met with, and his information is probably not less accurate for being evidently second-hand.

Dr. H. Schellen's work on the spectroscopy and its applications§ is also a compilation, but one of quite a different order, displaying a vigorous grasp and complete mastery of the subject. Its scope is nearly the same as that of Professor Roscoe's English treatise, which it seems to excel in the fuller exposition of the theory of light, in the more copious explanation of the necessary mechanical appliances, in the number and excellence of the woodcuts, and, generally speaking, in method and condensed fulness of detail. The history of this rapidly growing branch of science is brought down to the latest possible period; but how rapid that development is may be inferred from the circumstance that the application of the spectroscopy to physiological research is too recent to find a place here. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to the direct communications of Messrs. Huggins and Lockyer, and the cover of his work is graced by a portrait of the last-named gentleman, represented as employing the instrument with which his name will always be associated.

"Children of the Time," by E. M. Sauer||, is above the average of German three-volume fiction. It is to a considerable extent directed against the modern materialistic school; and although arguments based on avowedly fictitious data may prove nothing, the consciousness of a direct purpose has imparted more energy and vitality to the work than we usually find in modern novels. The characters are vigorously, if somewhat coarsely, drawn, and the story is interesting throughout.

"Poems," by Wilhelm Stein¶, is the most satisfactory volume of German verse that we have seen for a long time. It is equally remote from the two besetting sins of modern German lyrics—pretentiousness on the one hand, triviality on the other. The pieces are generally very slight, both in conception and execution, but they are clearly the product of a genuine lyrical inspiration. The subjects are in general erotic, the language highly impassioned. Without implying any comparison between them and the early lyrics of Goethe, they may be described as essentially belonging to the same school.

* *Ulrich Zwingli, nach den urkundlichen Quellen.* Von J. C. Moriköfer. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Chronologie der römischen Bischöfe bis zur Mitte des vierten Jahrhunderts.* Von R. A. Lipsius. Kiel: Schwes. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Convertiten seit der Reformation.* Von Dr. A. Rüss. Bd. 9. Freiburg: Herder. London: Nutt.

§ *Convertitenbilder aus dem neunzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von D. A. Rosenthal. Bd. 2. Abth. 3. Schaffhausen: Hurter. London: Nutt.

|| *Welche Wege führen nach Rom? Geschichtliche Beleuchtung der römischen Illusionen über die Erfolge der Propaganda.* Von F. Nippold. Heidelberg: Bassermann. London: Nutt.

¶ *Die Brüder Senckenberg. Eine biographische Darstellung. Nebst einem Anhang über Goethe's Jugendzeit in Frankfurt.* Von G. L. Kriejk. Frankfurt: Sauerländer. London: Nutt.

* *Dichter, Patriarch und Ritter. Wahrheit zu Rückert's Dichtung.* Von C. Kühner. Frankfurt: Sauerländer. London: Nutt.

† *Richard Wagner.* Von L. Nohl. München: Finsterlin. London: Nutt.

‡ *Das gelehrte Alterthum.* Von Dr. H. Göll. Leipzig: Spamer. London: Nutt.

§ *Die Spectralanalyse in ihrer Anwendung auf die Stoffe der Erde und die Natur der Himmelskörper.* Von Dr. H. Schellen. Braunschweig: Westermann. London: Nutt.

|| *Kinder der Zeit. Roman.* Von E. M. Sauer. 3 Bde. Hanover: Rümpler. London: Nutt.

¶ *Gedichte.* Von Wilhelm Stein. Stuttgart: Göschen. London: Williams & Norgate.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, Jan. 17, the Programme will include Beethoven's Quartet in C major, Op. 29; Mozart's Quintet for Clarinet and Strings; Bennett's Sonata in A major, for Piano-forte and Violoncello; and Woelfl's Sonata in C minor, Op. 53, for Piano alone. Executants: Madame Arabella Goddard, M. Strauss, Lazarus, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Platti. Vocalist: Mr. Santley. Solo, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

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MADAME SHERRINGTON and Madlle. LIEBHART at the BALLAD CONCERT, on Wednesday next.

MR. SANTLEY'S LAST APPEARANCE at the BALLAD CONCERTS, on Wednesday next.

HAMLET.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, Regent Street.—This Hall will be opened on Friday, the 4th of February, for a SERIES of READINGS to be given by Mr. J. M. BELLEVUE, on the Evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and on the Saturday Afternoons. Mr. BELLEVUE'S READINGS will commence with a Selection of the most important Scenes from Shakespeare's Tragedy of HAMLET. It has been determined to give to the Series at St. George's Hall heightened attraction, by the introduction of scenery, and by making use of all the artistic appliances of which the Stage admits, in order to illustrate the language and realize to the audience the conceptions of Shakespeare. The various Characters will be fully personated in a succession of Tableaux. Full particulars will be given in future announcements.

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INSTRUCTION in NATURAL SCIENCE for WOMEN.—The COURSE of LECTURES by Professors HUXLEY, GUTHRIE, and OLIVER will be resumed on Tuesday, January 18, at the South Kensington Museum, at Eleven A.M., and continued on each succeeding Friday and Tuesday. Tickets for the remaining Lectures of about Twenty-five, 21 10s.; Governesses and Pupils, 15s.; Single Lectures, 2s. 6d. The Hon. and Rev. F. BYNS, Treasurer, South Kensington Museum, where Tickets may be had.

SUNDAY LECTURE SOCIETY, to provide for the Delivery on Sundays in the Metropolis, and to encourage the Delivery elsewhere, of Lectures on Science—Physical, Intellectual, and Moral—History, Literature, and Art; especially in their bearing upon the Improvement and Social Well-being of Mankind.

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January 16 and 23.—W. B. CARPENTER, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., "The Deep Sea; its Physical Conditions and its Animal Life."

To be followed by—LECTURES by J. B. ATKINSON, Esq., T. SPENCER CONNOLD, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.; R. H. HORN, Esq.; Professor HUXLEY, F.R.S.; Hon. AUGUSTUS HERBERT, and others. Full particulars of which, with Price of Admission, are announced in the *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette* every Saturday.

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LECTURES on LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, and ARTISTIC SUBJECTS will be delivered at this College as under, each Lecture beginning at 8.30:

FIRST LECTURE, Tuesday, January 18, by Dr. W. B. CARPENTER, F.R.S. Subject, "The Physical Conditions of the Deep Sea in their Relation to Animal Life."

The subsequent Lectures will be delivered on the Second Tuesday of each Month.

SECOND LECTURE, February 8, by Professor HENRY MORLEY. Subject, "The Allegory of the Faerie Queen."

THIRD LECTURE, March 8, by Sir EDWARD S. CREASY. Subject, "Poetry."

FOURTH LECTURE, April 12, by Professor G. C. FOSTER, F.R.S. Subject, "The Mutual Convertibility of Mechanical and Electrical Energy."

FIFTH LECTURE, May 10, by E. J. POYNTER, Esq., A.R.A. Subject, "Realism and Beauty."

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Further information can be obtained of the SECRETARY, Clifton College, Bristol.

The next Term begins Friday, January 21.

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A GRADUATE in HONOURS, experienced in Teaching, gives PRIVATE TUITION and prepares GENTLEMEN for the Universities.—Apply, J. R., 41 George Street, Portman Square, W.

HOME for YOUNG LADIES ABROAD.—Dr. MEYERT receives into his Family FOUR YOUNG LADIES wishing to learn German, and finish their Education. Terms, 80 Guineas. One Vacancy.—31 Ellbeckweg, Ellbeck, near Hamburg.

FRENCH and GERMAN MASTER required in a GENTLEMAN'S BOARDING SCHOOL. Remuneration offered—Two Furnished Rooms, Board with the other Masters, and a Salary of £80 a year. Regular Communicant of the English Church, who can produce unimpeachable Testimonials as to Consistentness and Efficiency, preferred.—Apply, with full particulars of Qualifications and Antecedents, to HEAD-MANTEL, care of Messrs. Shrimpton, Broad Street, Oxford.

LITERARY WORK or SECRETARSHIP WANTED by an OXFORD GRADUATE.—Address, Y. Z., De Knock's Library, 5 Clifton Road, Maida Hill, W.

BEDFORD HOTEL, Brighton.—Every endeavour is made to render this Hotel equal to its long-existing repute. The Coffee Room, with extensive Sea frontage, has been enlarged and improved.—Communications to "THE MANAGER" will be promptly attended to. Bedford Hotel Company, Limited.

CASTLE HOTEL, Richmond.—In reply to Enquiries, the Proprietor begs to inform the Public that the HOTEL and TAVERN are OPEN as usual during the Winter Months.—Reduced Terms for Apartments until May.—BENJAMIN BULL, Proprietor.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, Sudbrook Park, Richmond Hill, S.W. Physician—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Turkish Baths on the Premises.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN engaged in TUITION supplied with STATIONERY, BOOKS, MAPS, GLOBES, and all SCHOOL REQUISITES, on the most favourable Terms, by EDWARD STANFORD, 5 and 7 Charing Cross, London, S.W., who will forward, on application, a Catalogue containing Descriptions and Samples of Copy and Ciphers Books, &c., also Priced List of Books, Atlases, Maps, Globes, &c. &c.

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Superceding all other kinds. SHOW ROOMS—55 AND 57 BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

NOTICE.—FURNITURE.—INTENDING BUYERS are REMINDED that

JOHN HENRY SMEE & COMPANY'S SPECIAL DESIGNS ARE REGISTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, And will be sent free by Post, upon application, addressed in full to No. 20 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, MOORGATE TERMINUS.

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ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.—Guaranteed Quality.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

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BEAUTIFUL BOOTS.—THOMAS D. MARSHALL'S London Boots at Moderate Prices.

LADIES' Double-soled Kid Elastic Boots, 16s. 6d.; House or Evening Boots, 5s. 6d. GENTLEMEN'S Elastic Boots, Calf, for Walking, or Patent Leather, for Dress, 21s.

THE 1870 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

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RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS, ARMS, CRESTS, and ADDRESSES Designed, and Steel Dies Engraved as Gems. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES Stamped in Colour Relief, and Illuminated in the highest Style of ART. CARD-PLATE elegantly engraved, and 100 Superfine Cards printed, for 1s. 6d. BALL PROGRAMMES and DINNER CARDS of new Designs arranged, Printed and Stamped with Crest or Address, in the latest Fashion.

STATIONERY of every Description, of the very best quality. At HENRY RODRIGUES, 42 PICCADILLY, LONDON.

THE PANAMA AND SOUTH PACIFIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under The Companies' Acts, 1862 and 1867.

CAPITAL £300,000, IN 30,000 SHARES OF £10 EACH.

Deposit on Application £1 per Share, and on Allotment £1 10s. per Share, and the remainder at intervals of Two Months, by Instalments of £2 10s. each. Part of the Capital, to the extent of £50,000, is reserved by the Concession from the Peruvian Government for Subscription in Peru.

Directors.

NEIL BANNATYNE, Esq., London, late of Messrs. W. Graham & Co., Manchester, Director of the West India and Panama Telegraph Company.

THOMAS HUGHES, Esq., M.P., London.

Major-General WM. F. SMITH, President of the International Ocean Telegraph Company, and Director of the West India and Panama Telegraph Company.

FREDERICK PEZET, Esq., of Lima, and Park House, Twickenham Park.

DON CARLOS PAZ SOLDAN, Managing Director of the National Telegraph Company of Peru, Lima.

ALEXANDER RUDEN, Esq., of Messrs. Alsop & Co., Lima.

ALEXANDER F. LOW, Esq., late of Mexico, 84 Westbourne Terrace, W.

With Power to add to their Number.

Engineer—Sir CHARLES BRIGHT.

Bankers.

THE LONDON AND COUNTY BANK, Lombard Street, and Branches.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, Nicholas Lane, and Branches.

THE MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL DISTRICT BANK, Manchester and Liverpool, and Branches.

Bankers in Peru.

LONDON BANK OF MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Solicitors.

Messrs. MACKENZIE, TRINDER, & CO., 1 Crown Court, Old Broad Street.

Secretary pro tem.—Mr. WILLIAM WALSH.

OFFICES: GRESHAM HOUSE, 25 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed for the purpose of extending Telegraphic Communication to the Western Coast of South America.

By the system of the West India and Panama Telegraph Company (now rapidly approaching completion) the whole of the Continent of Europe and North America will be placed in connection with Central America, whence this Company will carry its lines to Tumbez, one of the principal Ports in the North of Peru, touching at such intermediate Stations in Ecuador and New Granada as may be found desirable. This Company has obtained a valuable Concession from the Peruvian Government, a copy of which, as published in *El Peruano*, the official Gazette of Peru, of 16th November, 1869, can be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

From Tumbez this Company's Lines will be connected with Lima and Callao and the other principal towns of Peru by the wires of the National Telegraph Company of Peru, with whom an exclusive arrangement for the interchange of Traffic has been entered into, and who will hold a considerable interest in the Capital of this Company.

The National Telegraph Company of Peru is the only undertaking of the kind in that country. It has a Capital of £400,000, and has already established telegraphic communication between most of the chief towns of Peru. It is also rapidly pushing its Lines southward towards Chili, which country will shortly be united with the Telegraphic system of the Argentine Confederation, Uruguay, and Brazil, by Lines now in course of construction between Valparaiso, St. Iago, Mendoza, Cordova, Rosario, and Buenos Ayres. From Buenos Ayres a Submarine Cable is already in operation to Monte Video (paying 17 per cent. dividend), and the Brazilian Government has completed a Land Line from Rio Janeiro to Port Alegre, which will shortly be finished to Monte Video. Nearly all the most important towns and districts of South America will thus be brought into connection, this Company's Lines acting as the main trunk line through which telegraphic communication will be effected with the Continents of North America and Europe.

An exclusive and advantageous agreement for the interchange of Traffic has also been entered into with the West India and Panama Telegraph Company, and a similar arrangement exists between the Company and the International Ocean Telegraph Company, connecting the United States with Cuba. This Company's Lines will thus be worked in combination with the whole of the Lines between the United States and South America, and as these Companies hold valuable concessions for a period of Forty Years, for laying Cables between the United States, West Indian Colonies and the United States, Central and South America, all Competition will practically be excluded to the North as well as to the South of this Company's Lines.

From an Official Statement drawn up by Don Mariano F. Paz Soldan, late Director-General of Public Works in Peru (now Minister of Justice), it appears that the Company's system (exclusive of any connection with Brazil) will supply the demands of an aggregate population of 12,000,000, and of a rapidly-increasing Commerce, amounting at present to £19,300,000 per annum, without taking into calculation the Atlantic trade of the Argentine Republic and New Granada.

Taking as a basis the actual results of the Cuba Line (earning, after two years' working, at the rate of over £60,000 per annum), it is estimated that the gross revenue of this Company's Lines will exceed—

From which deduct Working Expenses, say	£12,500	£100,000
Reserve Fund	12,500	
	25,000	

There will remain a net Annual Income of upwards of £75,000

The Lines, consisting of about 1,100 miles of Submarine Cable and 30 miles of Land Line, will be of the best quality, and of the same class as the Cables of the West India and Panama, and the International Ocean Companies, made by the India Rubber, Gutta Percha, and Telegraph Works Company, Limited, with whom a Contract has been entered into for the manufacture and laying of this Company's Cables for the fixed sum of £300,000. The balance remaining—£20,000—will be amply sufficient for the erection of the Land Lines, Stations, and all other expenses of completing the entire undertaking, until the Company is in receipt of revenue from Traffic.

The Lines will be completed in the course of the present year.

If allotment is made the Deposit will be returned in full.

January, 1870.

The following Contracts, which have been entered into, and the Articles of Association, can also be seen at the Office of the Solicitors to the Company, viz:—

1870, January 12.—Agreement between Don Carlos Paz Soldan, of Lima, Peru, of the one part, and the Panama and South Pacific Telegraph Company, Limited, of the other part.

1870, January 12.—Agreement between the India Rubber, Gutta Percha, and Telegraph Works Company, Limited, of the one part, and the Panama and South Pacific Telegraph Company, Limited, of the other part.

1870, January 12.—Agreement between the National Telegraph Company of Peru of the one part, and the Panama and South Pacific Telegraph Company, Limited, of the other part.

1870, January 12.—Agreement between the West India and Panama Telegraph Company, Limited, of the one part, and the Panama and South Pacific Telegraph Company, Limited, of the other part.

THE PANAMA AND SOUTH PACIFIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.

No.

Form of Application (to be retained by the Bankers).

To the Directors of the Panama and South Pacific Telegraph Company, Limited.

GENTLEMEN.—Having paid to your Bankers the Sum of £ being a Deposit of £1 per Share, I request that you will allot me Shares of £10 each, in your Company, upon the Terms of the Prospectus and the Memorandum of Association; and I hereby agree to accept the said Shares, or any smaller number which you may allot to me, and I agree to make the Payments thereon at the times specified in the Prospectus, and to become a Member of the Company, and I request you place my Name on the Register of Members in respect of the Shares which may be allotted to me.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

Name in full

Address in full

Date

(Copy.)

MEMORANDUM OF ASSOCIATION OF THE PANAMA AND SOUTH PACIFIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.

1st.—The name of the Company is THE PANAMA AND SOUTH PACIFIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.

2nd.—The Registered Office of the Company will be situated in England.

3rd.—The objects for which the Company is established are the effecting of Telegraphic Communication between Panama, or some other part of Central America and New Granada, Ecuador, Peru, Chili, and other parts of the World, by making, laying, and working Submarine and other Telegraph Lines, from and to such points as may be determined on, with power to purchase existing Lines of Telegraph, or lease the Lines so proposed to be made, to purchase or lease Land Lines, and enter into all such Contracts, and make, do, and execute all such Works, Matters, and Documents as may be necessary or expedient for the purposes aforesaid, including the entering into working, and other Agreements with adjoining or other Telegraph Companies; also the constructing, incorporating, and registering of the Company in and according to the Laws of any Foreign Country as a Société Anonyme, or otherwise, as may be determined on, and the applying for and obtaining or purchasing any Acts of Parliament, Concessions, Subsidies or similar Privileges, in connection with the Company's business in any Country, Colony, or State; the establishing and regulating Agencies in the United Kingdom or elsewhere, for telegraphic purposes, and, generally, the establishing and carrying on of the business of a Telegraph Company, and the doing all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects.

The Subscription List will be closed for London on Friday the 21st, and for the Country on Saturday the 22nd inst.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.
Bankers—Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE & CO., and BANK OF ENGLAND.
BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.
Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.
Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:
At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.
At 4 ditto ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto
At 3 ditto ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto
Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.
Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge, and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.
Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.
Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.
Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.
J. THOMSON, Chairman.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE, Lombard Street and Charing Cross.

Established 1782.
Insurances effected in all parts of the World.
Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.
The whole Fire Insurance Duty is now Remitted.
GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 10 FLEET STREET, TEMPLE BAR, E.C.

Policies of this Society are guaranteed by very ample Funds; receive Nine-tenths of the total Profits as Bonus; enjoy peculiar "Whole-World" and other distinctive privileges; and are protected by special conditions against liability to future question.

Existing Assurances and Bonus	£1,650,000
Invested Funds	1,540,000
Annual Income	200,000

Annual Accounts have always been published in full detail.
Loans are granted on the Security of Life Interests or Reversions.
E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 and 17 PALL MALL, S.W.

INSTITUTED 1863.
CAPITAL, £1,000,000. PAID UP AND INVESTED, £700,000.
Insurances against Fire can be effected with this Company on every description of Property, at moderate rates of premium.
The recent abolition of the duty on Fire Insurance should induce Policy-holders and all intending Insurers to protect themselves fully from loss by Fire, which can now be done at a net annual cost of from 1s. 6d. per cent. upwards.
Septennial Policies charged only Six Years' Premium.
Prompt and liberal Settlement of Claims.
The usual Commission allowed on Foreign and Ship Insurances.
JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

LIFE ASSURANCE.—The Accumulated and Invested Funds of the STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY and its Annual Revenue now amount to—

Accumulated and Invested Fund, upwards of...£1,900,000

Annual Revenue, upwards of...700,000

The Profits of the Company have been divided on Seven occasions since 1875, when the Company was established, and on each occasion large and important benefits have been given to the Assured.

DIVISION OF PROFITS IN 1870.

All who now assure will participate.
A Prospectus, containing very full information as to the Company's Principles and Practice, will be forwarded on application.
Agencies in every Town of importance throughout the Kingdom.
Agencies in India and the Colonies.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, General Secretary for England, London—22 King William Street, E.C.
JOHN OHAGAN, Resident Secretary, West End Office, London—3 Pall Mall East.
Edinburgh—3 George Street.
Dublin—56 Upper Sackville Street.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY may be had on application.

It contains, as in past years, the ANNUAL BALANCE-SHEET, as well as the particulars of the latest Investigation made to ascertain the Realised Profits. This year there is added an Abstract of the Company's Income and Expenditure.
The full and explicit information thus presented has not been given under the compulsion of an Act of Parliament, nor is it volunteered now for the first time to meet the desire for such particulars recently awakened. The Directors have for years past thought it just to the Public and advantageous for this Company to give every one the means of judging of its condition. They have great satisfaction in believing that this publicity, as well as the nature of the facts published, have established for the SCOTTISH NATIONAL COMPANY the reputation of being one of the soundest Offices in the Kingdom.

The points chiefly attended to have been:

1. The Absolute Safety of the Funds.
2. The Absolute Sufficiency of the Funds.
3. The Cultivation of a First-class Home Business.
4. Frequent Distribution of Realised Profits.
5. The utmost Liberality towards the Assured, as regards the conditions of Residence and Travel, facilities for keeping up Policies, &c.

Forms of Proposal, and every information, may be had at the Company's Offices, or from the Agents.

JOHN M. McCANDLISH, Manager.
WM. PORTEOUS, Secretary in London.
EDINBURGH—22 ST. ANDREW SQUARE.
LONDON—69 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

BEFORE EFFECTING LIFE ASSURANCES Applicants should be careful to obtain reliable evidence regarding the Solvency and Profitable Character of the Business. Such evidence consists of:

1. A Balance Sheet of Assets and Liabilities.
2. An Abstract of the Valuation of the Policies.
3. A Table of Bonuses to Policies of all durations.
4. A Table of Values payable on Lapsed Policies of all durations.

ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY

as these Documents are to enable the Public to see distinctly how any Office really stands, and what benefits it will probably yield, it is believed that the

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY is the only institution which publishes them. These Documents may be obtained free of charge on application.

SAMUEL RALEIGH, Manager.
J. M. P. ANDERSON, Secretary.
HEAD OFFICE: 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

LONDON OFFICE: 28 CORNHILL.

Honorary Board of Directors.

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Charles Edward Pollock, Esq., &c.
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Samuel Laing, Esq., Chairman London and Brighton Railway.
James Anderson, Esq., Q.C., Lincoln's Inn.
The Rev. Alfred Fovah, M.A., St. Olave's Rectory, Hart Street.
Joseph J. Welch, Esq. (Messrs. Welch, Margeson, & Co.).
Captain William Pigott, Trinity House.
Michael Wills, Esq., Lloyd's.
William George Anderson, Esq., Somerset House.
Chief Agent—Hugh McKean, 29 Cornhill.
West-End: Andrew Thomson, 49 Pall Mall.

THE LAST DAY OF GRACE for receiving Proposals to participate in the Profits of 1869 is January 31, 1870.

HALF A MILLION has been PAID by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY Compensation for Accidents of All Kinds. An Annual payment of £5 to £6 is insured £1,000 at Death, and an Allowance at the rate of £5 per Week for Injury.

Offices—61 Cornhill and 10 Regent Street.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

SCOTTISH UNION INSURANCE COMPANY (FIRE and LIFE).

Established 1821, and Incorporated by Royal Charter.
LONDON—37 CORNHILL; EDINBURGH and DUBLIN.

The following results of the Operations during the Year ending August 1, 1869, were reported at the Forty-fifth Annual Court of Proprietors, held at Edinburgh on the 1st day of December 1869, namely:

	Number of Life Policies issued, 889.	
Sums Insured thereby	£325,283 0 0	
Yielding in New Premiums	14,136 12 5	
Invested Funds	1,027,784 2 0	
Amount of Life Insurances in force	4,656,060 0 0	
The Total Revenue of the Company from all sources now amounts to	£54,002 1 2	

Copies of Prospectus, and all other information, may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, as above, or at any of the Agencies throughout the Kingdom.

ROBERT STRACHAN, Secretary.
JOHN JACKSON, Assistant-Secretary.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

(Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)

CHIEF OFFICE—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH—29 PALL MALL.

OCTAVIUS WIGRAM, Esq., Governor.
JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Sub-Governor.
CHARLES JOHN MANNING, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

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John Garratt Collier, Esq.
Mark Currie Close, Esq.
Edward James Daniell, Esq.
William Davidson, Esq.
Lancelot William Dent, Esq.
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Frederic Joseph Elphinstone, Esq.
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Riversdale Wm. Grenfell, Esq.
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Wincent Holland, Esq.
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Charles Robinson, Esq.
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Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.
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FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

FIRE DUTY.—This Tax having been abolished, the PREMIUM is NOW the only charge for FIRE INSURANCES.
Life Assurances with, or without, participation in Profits.
Divisions of Profit every Five Years.
Any sum up to £15,000 insurable on the same Life.
The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.
A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of Partnership.
The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of a Century and a Half.
A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1863.
15 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

Directors.
G. P. Bidder, Esq.
J. G. Dodson, Esq., M.P.
D. A. Freeman, Esq.
G. A. Fuller, Esq.
J. Goldard, Esq.
E. Hudson, Esq., F.R.S.
J. Kelk, Esq.
S. Laurence, Esq.
T. H. Longdon, Esq.
Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. St. P. Lawrence, K.C.S.I., C.B.
C. T. Lucas, Esq.
J. D. Mages, Esq.
C. Rivaz, Esq.
W. B. Towse, Esq.
H. Tritton, Esq.
S. H. Twining, Esq.

The ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, which has been established upwards of Half a Century, has an Accumulated Fund of more than THREE MILLIONS STERLING, invested in Mortgages on Land, and other first-class Securities.

Viz. on August 23, 1868	£1,172,604 15 8
Sum Assured—Inclusive of Bonus Additions—at that date	£,390,750 2 11
Estimated Liability thereon (Northampton Table of Mortality, 3 per cent. Interest)	1,461,263 0 4
Total Amount of Bonus Additions made to Policies	£205,059 19 9
Amount of Profits divided for the Seven Years ending 29th August, 1868	£32,260 7 8
Annual Income	£14,767 14 3
Total Claims paid—inclusive of Bonus Additions	£,627,044 7 7

Copies of the Annual Reports and Balance Sheets, as well as of the Periodical Valuation Accounts, Tables of Rates, and every information, to be obtained on application.

JOHN RAYDEN, Actuary.
H. W. PORTER, Sub-Actuary.

DIVIDENDS 5 and 10 to 20 PER CENT.

For Safe and Profitable Investments
Read SHARP'S INVESTMENT CIRCULAR (post free).
The JANUARY Number ready.
CAPITALISTS, SHAREHOLDERS, AND TRUSTEES, will find the above Investment Circular a safe, valuable, and reliable Guide.
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OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERS.

WALL LIGHTS and LUSTRES for Gas and Candles.
CHANDELIERS in Bronze and Ormolu.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS for INDIA.
TABLE GLASS of all Kinds.
ORNAMENTAL GLASS, English and Foreign.
Moss, Export, and Furnishing Orders Promptly Executed.
All Articles Marked in Plain Figures.
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BIRMINGHAM—Manufacturing and Show Rooms, Broad Street.
Established 1857.

FENDERS, STOVES, KITCHEN RANGES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of Fenders, Stoves, Ranges, Chimney-pieces, Fire-irons, and General Ironmongery as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or equalisness of workmanship.

Black Register Stoves	from 8s. to £9 5s.
Bright Register, with Ormolu Ornaments	from £3 8s. to £3 10s.
Bronze Fenders	from 3s. 6d. to £3 12s.
Steel and Ormolu Fenders	from £3 3s. to £2s.
Chimney-pieces	from £1 8s. to £10s.
Fire-irons	from 3s. 3d. to £1 to £4 4s.

The Burton and all other Patent Stoves, with Radiating Hearth-Plates.

COAL SCOOPS. WILLIAM S. BURTON has 400 different Patterns of COAL SCOOPS on SHOW, of which he invites inspection. The Prices vary from 1s. 6d. to 12s. Plain Black open Scoops, from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.; zinc-lined, from 4s. 6d.; covered Box-scoops, from 4s. 6d.; ditto, with Hand-Scoops, from 10s. 6d.; do. do., with fancy gold ornamentation, from 15s.; highly finished and ornamented, and fitted with imitation ivory handles, from 20s. There is also a choice selection of Wooden Coal-Boxes, with iron and brass mountings. WILLIAM S. BURTON confidently asserts his to be the largest, and at the same time the best and most varied, Assortment in the World.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, Furnish Merchant, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE containing upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty large Show-rooms, post free.—29 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard. With the present RAILWAY FACILITIES the cost of delivering Goods to the most distant parts of the United Kingdom is trifling. WILLIAM S. BURTON will always, when desired, undertake delivery at a small fixed rate.

BENSON'S KEYLESS WATCHES.

No Key being used, the Watch is kept free from Dust, and is perfectly Air-tight; they are especially adapted and recommended for use of Invalids, the Nervous, and Travellers, and are sent safe by post to all parts of the World.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
GOLD.....	12 0 0	15 0 0	21 0 0	30 0 0	35 0 0
SILVER.....	5 0 0	8 0 0	12 0 0	20 0 0	25 0 0

BENSON'S ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS upon Watches, Clocks, and Artistic Gold Jewellery, post free, 2d. each.

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